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Selections.

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH.

Delivered at Marshfield September 1st, 1848.

GENTLEMEN: Although it is not my purpose during the recess of Congress, to address public assemblies on political subjects, I have felt it my duty to comply with your request, as neighbours and townsmen, and to meet you to-day. I am not unwilling to avail myself of this occasion to signify to the people of the United States my opinions upon the present state of our public affairs. I shall perform that duty certainly with great frankness—I hope with candour. It is not my purpose to-day to attempt to carry any point—to act as any man's advocate—to put up or put down anybody. I wish, and I propose, to address you in the language and in the spirit of conference and consultation. In the present extraordinary crisis of our public concerns, I desire to hold no man's conscience but my own. My own opinions I shall communicate freely and fearlessly, with equal disregard to consequences whether they respect myself or respect others. We are on the eve of a highly important Presidential election. In two or three months the people of this country will be called upon to elect a President of the United States; and all see and all feel that great interests of the country are to be effected, for good or evil, by the results of that election. Of the interesting subjects over which the person who shall be elected must necessarily exercise more or less control, there are especially three, vitally connected, in my judgment, with the honour and happiness of the country.

In the first place the honour and happiness of the country imperatively require that there shall be a chief magistrate elected who shall not plunge us into farther wars of ambition and conquest. In my judgment the interests of the country and the feeling of a vast majority require that a President of these United States should be elected who will neither use official influence to promote, nor who feels any desire in his heart to promote, the farther extension of Slavery in this community, (great cheering,) or the farther influence of it in the public councils.

In the third place, if I have any just estimate—if an experience (not now a short one) in public affairs has enabled me to know anything of what the public prosperity demands—in the next place I say that the state of the country does require an essential reform in the system of revenue and finance, such as shall restore the prosperity, by promoting the industry and fostering the labour of the country in its various branches.

There are other things important. I will not allude to them. These three I hold to be essential. There are three candidates presented to the choice of the American people: General Taylor is the Whig candidate standing upon the nomination of a Whig Convention. General Cass is the candidate of the opposing and now dominant party in the country; and a third candidate presented in the person of Mr. Van Buren, by a Convention of fellow-citizens assembled at Buffalo, whose object—or whose main object—it appears to me, is contained in one of these considerations which I have mentioned; and that is the prevention of the farther increase of Slavery. An object in which you and I, gentlemen, so far as that goes, entirely concur with them, I am sure. Most of us who are here to-day are Whigs—National Whigs—Massachusetts Whigs—Old Colony Whigs, and Marshfield Whigs; (cheers,) and if the Whig nomination made at Philadelphia were entirely satisfactory to the people of Massachusetts and to us, our path of duty would be plain.

The nomination of a candidate for the presidency made by the Whig Convention at Philapelphia, is not satisfactory to the Whigs of Massachusetts; that is certain; and it will be idle to attempt to conceal the fact. It is now more just and more patriotic to take facts as they are, and things as they are, and declare our own conviction of duty from what exists before us. However respectable and distinguished in the line of his own profession, or however estimable as a private citizen, Gen. Taylor is a military man, and a military man merely. He has had no training in civil affairs. He has performed no functions of a civil nature under the Constitution of his country. He has been known, and is known only by his brilliant achievements at the head of an army. Now the Whigs of Massachusetts, and I among them, are of opinion that it was not wise, nor discreet to go to the army for the selection of a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It is the first instance in our history in which any man of mere military character has been proposed for that high office. Washington was a great military character, but by far a greater civil character. He had been employed in the councils of his country from the earliest dawn of the Revolution—he had been in the Continental Congress—he had established a great character for civil wisdom and judgment. After the war, as you know, he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States; and it is one of the most honourable tributes paid to him, that by that assembly of good and wise men he was selected to preside over their deliberations. And he put his name first and foremost to the Constitution under which we live. President Harrison was bred a soldier, and at different periods of his life rendered important military services. But President Harrison, nevertheless, was for a much greater period of his life, employed in civil than in military service. For twenty years, he was either Governor of the Territory, member of one or the other Houses of Congress, or Minister abroad; and discharged all these duties to the satisfaction of his country.

This case, therefore, stands by itself; without precedent or justification from anything in our previous history. It is on this account, as I imagine, that the Whigs of Massachusetts feel dissatisfied with this nomination. There may be others—there are others—they are, perhaps, of less importance and more easily to be answered. If I may venture to use a mercantile expression, I may now venture to say that there is another side to this account. The impartiality with which I propose to discharge my duty to-day leads me to consider of that. And in the next place, it is to be considered that Gen. Taylor has been nominated by a Whig Convention, held in conformity with the usages of the Whig party, and by the party fairly nominated, so far as I know. It is to be considered, also, that he is the only Whig before the people, as a candidate for the Presidency; and no citizen of the country with any effect can vote for any other Whig, let his preferences be what they might or may be.

In the next place, it is proper to consider the personal character of Gen. Taylor and his political opinions, relations, and connexions, so far as they are known. Now, gentlemen, in advancing to a few observations on this part of the case, I wish everybody to understand that I have no personal acquaintance whatever with Gen. Taylor. I never saw him but once, and that but for a few moments in the Senate. The sources of information are open to you, as well as to me, from which I derive what I know of his character and opinions. But I have endeavoured to obtain access to those sources. I have endeavoured to inform and instruct myself by communication with those who have known him in his profession as a soldier, in his associations as a man, in his conversations and opinions on political subjects; and I will tell you frankly what I think of him, according to the best lights which I have been able to obtain. I need not say that he is a skillful, brave, and gallant soldier. That is admitted by all.—With me, all that goes but very little way to make out the proper qualifications for President of the United States. But what is more important, I believe that he is an entirely honest and upright man. I believe that he is modest, clear-headed, of independent and manly character, possessing a mind trained by proper discipline and self-control. I believe that he is estimable and amiable in all the relations of private life. I believe that he possesses a reputation for equity and fair judgment, which gives him an influence over those under his command, beyond what is conferred by the authority of station. I believe that he is a man possessing the confidence and attachment of all who have been near him and know him. So much for what I think of the personal character of Gen. Taylor. I will say, too, that, so far as I have observed, his conduct since he has been a candidate for the office of President has been irreproachable. I hear no intrigue imputed to him, no contumelious treatment of rivals. I do not find him making promises, or holding out hopes to any men or any party. I do not find him putting forth any pretensions of his own, and therefore I think of him very much as he seems to think of himself—that he is an honest man, of an independent mind and of upright intentions. And as to his qualifications for the Presidency, he is unwilling to have any more to say about it.

And now, friends and fellow-townsmen, with respect to his political opinions and relations, I can say at once, that I believe him to be a Whig; I believe him to hold to the main doctrines of the Whig party. To think otherwise, would be to impute to him a degree of tergiversation and fraudulent deception of which I believe him to be entirely incapable. Gentlemen, it is worth your while to consider in what measure Gen. Taylor has become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It would be a great mistake to suppose that he was made such merely by the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention; for he had been nominated for the Presidency in a great many States, by various conventions and meetings of the people, a year before the Convention at Philadelphia assembled. Gentlemen, the whole history of the world shows, whether in the most civilized or most barbarous ages, the affections and admiration of mankind are always and easily carried away toward successful military achievments; all history proves this. And we know in the case now before us, that so soon as brilliant success had attended Gen. Taylor's operations on the Rio Grande, Palo Alto, and other places, spontaneous nominations sprang up for him.

And here let me say, that generally these were Whig nominations. Not universally, but generally, these nominations, made at various times before the assemblage of the Philadelphia Convention—generally these were Whig nominations. General Taylor was esteemed, from the moment that his military achievements brought him into public notice, as a Whig General—you all remember that when you were discussing his merits in Congress, upon the question of giving thanks to the army under his command, to himself, among other questions, the friends and supporters of Mr. Polk's administration denounced him as being, and because he was a Whig General. My friends near me, whom I am happy to see too, belonging to the House of Representatives, will remember that a leading man of the party of the Administration declared in his place in Congress, that the policy of the Administration connected with the Mexican War would never prosper till the President recalled those Whig Generals, Scott and Taylor. The policy was a Democratic policy. The argument was, that the men, to carry out this policy should be Democratic men. The officers, to fight the battles, should be Democratic officers, and on that ground, the ordinary vote of thanks was refused to Gen. Taylor on the part of the friends of the Administration. He was nominated, gentlemen, mainly thus. I speak of these spontaneous nominations, by Whig assemblies, and Whig conventions, and Whig meetings.

Let me remark, in the next place, that there was no particular purpose connected with the advancement of Slavery entertained generally by those who nominated him. As I have said, they were Whig nominations, more in the Middle and Northern, than in the Southern States, and by persons who never entertained the slightest desire by his nomination, or by any other means, to extend the area of Slavery of the human race, or the influence of the slaveholding States in the councils of the Nation. The Quaker City of Philadelphia nominated General Taylor; the Whigs all over the Union nominated him, with no such view. A great Convention was assembled in New York of highly influential and respectable gentlemen—very many of them well known to me—and they nominated Gen. Taylor with no such view.

Gen. Taylor's nomination was hailed, not very extensively, but by some enthusiastic and not very far-seeing people in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. There were even among us Whigs quite early enough in manifesting their confidence in this nomination—a little too early it may be, in uttering notes of exultation in our anticipated triumph. It would have been better if they had waited.

Now the truth is, gentlemen—the truth is, and no man can avoid seeing it, unless, as sometimes happens, the object is too near our eyes to be distinctly discerned: the truth is that in these nominations, and also in the nomination at Philadelphia—in these conventions, and also in the Convention at Philadelphia, Gen. Taylor was nominated exactly for this reason: That, believing him to be a Whig, they thought he could be chosen more easily than any other Whig. This is the whole of it. *Thatsagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of* AVAILABILITY *lies at the bottom of the whole matter.* [Tremendous enthusiasm and applause.] So far, then, from imputing any motive to these conventions over the country, or to the Convention in Philadelphia, as operating on a majority of the members to promote Slavery by the nomination of Gen. Taylor, I do not believe a word of it—not one word. I see that one part of what is called the platform of the Buffalo Convention says that the candidates before the public were nominated under the dictation of the Slave power. I do not believe a word of it. [Applause.]

In the first place, the Convention at Philadelphia was composed, in a very great majority, by members from the Free States. By a very great majority they might have nominated any body they chose. And in the next place, it is true that there were persons from New-England, most zealous and active, and who were most earnest in procuring the nomination of Gen. Taylor, and men who would cut off their right hands before they would do any thing to promote Slavery in the United States. I do not admire their policy—understand that; but I acquit them of bad motives. I know the leading men of that Convention, I think I understand the motives that govern them. Their reasoning in this: "Gen. Taylor is a Whig—not eminent in civil life—not known in civil life—but still a man of sound Whig principles. Circumstances have given him a reputation and eclat in the country. If he is the Whig candidate he will be chosen; and with him there will come into the two Houses of Congress an augmentation of Whig strength. The Whig majority in the House of Representatives will be increased. The Loco-Foco majority in the Senate will be diminished." That was the view and that was the motive—however wise or however unwise—that governed a very large majority of those who composed the Convention at Philadelphia. Now, gentlemen, in my opinion this was a wholly unwise policy; it was short-sighted and temporizing on questions of great principles. But I acquit them of any such motives which have been ascribed to them, and especially what has been ascribed to them in a part of this Buffalo Platform.

Such, gentlemen, are the circumstances connected with the nomination of Gen. Taylor. I only repeat, that those who had the most agency originally in bringing him before the people were Whig conventions and meetings in the several States—Free States; and that a great majority of the Convention, which nominated him in Philadelphia were from the Free States, and might have rejected him if they had chosen, and selected any body else on whom they could have united. This is the case, gentlemen, as far as I can discern it, and exercising upon it as impartial a judgment as I can form—this is the case presented to the Whigs so far as respects the personal fitness and personal character of Gen. Taylor, and the circumstances which have caused his nomination.

Now, fellow-citizens, if we were weighing the propriety of nominating such a person to the Presidency, it would be one thing; if we were considering the expediency, or I may say the necessity, (which to some minds may seem to be the case,) by well meaning and patriotic Whigs to support him after he is nominated, that is quite another thing. And that leads to the consideration of what the Whigs of Massachusetts care to do, or such of them as do not see fit to support Gen. Taylor. Of course they must vote for Gen. Cass; or they must vote for Mr. Van Buren; or they must omit to vote at all. I agree that there are cases in which, if we do not know in what direction to move, we ought to stand still till we do. I admit there are cases in which, if we do not know what to do, we had better not do we know not what. But on a question so important to ourselves and the country, on a question of a popular election under constitutional forms in which it is impossible that every man's private judgment can prevail, or every man's private choice succeed, it becomes, then, a question of conscientious duty and patriotism, what it is best to do upon the whole. And that leads to the consideration which should influence Whigs, in my opinion, upon the question now before us. Under the practical administration of the Constitution of the United States, there cannot be a great range of personal choice in regard to the candidate for the Presidency. In order that their votes may be effective, men must give them for some one of those who are prominent before the public. This is the necessary result of our forms of Government, and from the provisions of the Constitution. And it does therefore, bring men sometimes to the necessity of choosing between candidates, neither of whom would be their original personal choice.

Now, what is the contingency?—what is the alternative presented to the Whigs of Massachusetts? In my judgment, fellow-citizens, it is merely one; the question is between Gen. Taylor and Gen. Cass. And that is the whole of it. [Great sensation.] I am no more skilled to foresee political occurrences than others. I judge only for myself. But in my opinion, there is not the least probability of any other result than the choice of Gen. Taylor or Gen. Cass. I know that the enthusiasm of a new-formed party,—that the popularity of a new-formed name, without communicating any new-formed idea, [enthusiasm] may lead men to think that the sky is to fall, and the larks are suddenly to be taken. I entertain no such expectations. I speak, without disrespect, of the Free Soil Party. I have read their platform and though I think there are some points place in it, I can stand on it pretty well. But I see nothing in it new or valuable. What is valuable is old, and what is new is not valuable. If the term Free Soil Party, or Free Soil Men, designate one who is fixed and unalterably in favour of the restriction of Slavery—is so to-day and was so yesterday, and has been so for some time, [laughter]—then I hold myself to be as good a Free Soil man as any of the Buffalo Convention. [Much clapping.] I pray to know who is to put beneath my feet a freer soil than that upon which I have stood ever since I have been in public life? I pray to know who is to inspire into my breast a more resolute and fixed determination to resist the advances and encroachments of the slave power than has inhabited it since I, for the first time, opened my mouth in the councils of the country? [Enthusiastic excitement.]

The gentlemen at Buffalo have placed at the head of their party Mr. Van Buren, a gentleman for whom I have all the respect that I should entertain for one with whom I have been associated in some degree, in public life for many years. But really, speaking for myself, I should think that if I were to express confidence in Mr. Van Buren and his politics on any question—and most especially this very question of Slavery—I think the scene would border upon the ludicrous, if not upon the contemptible. I never proposed anything in my life of a general and public nature that Mr. Van Buren did not oppose. Nor has it happened to me to support any important measure that he did propose. And if he and I now were to find ourselves together under the Free Soil flag, I am sure, that with his accustomed good nature he would laugh. [Laughter.] If no body were present we should both laugh (increased laughter from the audience) at the strange occurrences and strange jumbles of political life that should have brought him and me to sit down cosily and snugly, side by side on the same platform.

Gentlemen, my first acquaintance in public life with Mr. Van Buren was when he was pressing, with great power, the election of Mr. Crawford to the Presidency, against Mr. Adams. Mr. Crawford was not elected and Mr. Adams was. Mr. Van Buren was in the Senate nearly the whole of that Administration; and during the remainder of it, he was Governor of the State of New York. And it is notorious, that he was the soul and centre throughout the whole of Mr. Adam's term, of the opposition made to him. And he did more to prevent Mr. Adams's election in 1828, and to obtain Gen. Jackson's election, than any man—yes, than any *ten* men. General Jackson was chosen. Mr. Van Buren was appointed his Secretary of State. It so happened, that in July 1829, McLane went to England to arrange the controverted difficulty and disputed point on the subject of trade. Mr. Adams had held a high tone on that subject. He had demanded as a reciprocity and a right, the introduction of our products into all parts of the British territory freely; since Great Britain was allowed to bring her produce into the United States upon the same terms. Mr. Adams placed this upon terms of reciprocity and justice. Great Britain would not yield. Mr. Van Buren, in his instructions to Mr. M'Lane, told him to yield that question of right; and then went on to say, that the Administration in which he was Secretary of State—that is General Jackson's—ought not to be debarred in England by the English Government from the enjoyment of that which he was willing to call not a right, but a boon or a privilege. General Jackson's administration, he said, ought not to be refused that, on account of the misbehaviour of Mr. Adams's administration. That is the sum and substance of it. Well, gentlemen, it was one of the most painful duties of my life, on account of this, to refuse my assent to Mr. Van Buren's nomination. It was new in our history, when an Administration changes that the new Administration shall seek to obtain privileges on the ground that they have abandoned the ground of their predecessors. I suppose that such a course is held to be altogether undignified, by all public men. When I went into the Department of State under General Harrison, I found in the conduct of my predecessor many things that I wished otherwise. Did I retract a jot or tittle of what Mr. Forsyth had said? I took the case as he left it, and conducted it upon the principles which he left. And I should have considered that I disgraced myself, if I had said. "Pray, my Lord Ashburton, we are more rational persons than our predecessors, we are more considerate than they, and intend to adopt an entirely opposite policy. Consider, my dear sir, how much more humble and available we, the successors are, than our predecessors."

But now, on this very subject of the extension of the Slave Power, I would by no means do injustice to Mr. Van Buren. If he has come up to some of the opinions expressed in the platform of the Buffalo Convention, I am very glad of it. I do not mean to say that there may not be very good reasons for those of his own party who cannot conscientiously vote for Gen. Cass, to vote for him, because I consider him much the least dangerous of the two. But in truth, looking at Mr. Van Buren's conduct as President of the United States, I am amazed to find that he should be placed at the head of a party professing to be, beyond all other parties, friends of liberty and enemies of African Slavery in the Southern States. Why, the very first thing that Mr. Van Buren did after he was President, was to declare that if Congress, in any manner or degree—that if Congress interfered in the least degree with Slavery, he would veto that action; the only instance in which I remember that a President agreed to veto acts before they were passed. "I must go into the Presidential chair," said he, "the inflexible and uncompromising opponent of every attempt on the part of Congress to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia against the wishes of the slaveholding States; and also with a determination to resist any exercise of power against the wishes of the slaveholding States." That is, if Congress pass any law upon that subject, he will meet it with the exercise of his Constitutional power.

In the next place, we know, for I remember that Mr. Van Buren's casting vote was given for a law of a very doubtful propriety—a law to allow Postmasters to open the mails and see if there was any incendiary matter in them, and if so, to destroy it. I do not say that there was no Constitutional power to pass such a law. Perhaps the Southern statesmen thought it was necessary to protect themselves from insurrections. So far as anything endangers the lives and property of the South, so far I agree, that there may be such legislation in Congress as shall prevent such results. But, gentlemen, no man has exercised a more controlling influence on the conduct of his friends in this country than Mr. Van Buren. I take it, that the most important, or one of the most important events in our time, tending to the extension of Slavery and its everlasting establishment on this continent, was the annexation of Texas, in 1844. Where was Mr. Van Buren then? let me ask—three or four years ago—where was he? He had been at the head of what is called the Spoils Party. He had not been then at the head of the Soil, or Free Soil Party.

Every friend of Mr. Van Buren, so far as I know supported the measure. The two Senators from New York supported, and the members of the House of Representatives from New York supported it.—Allow me to say that nobody resisted but Whigs. And I say in the face of the world, I say in the face of those connected with, or likely to be benefitted by the Buffalo Convention, I say to all of them, that there has been no party of men, and no party in this country, which has firmly and sternly resisted the progress of the Slave Power but the Whigs.

Why, look to this very question of the Annexation of Texas. We talk of the dictation of the Slave Power! At least they do—I do not. I do not allow that anybody dictates to me. They talk of the triumph of the South over the North! There is not a word of truth or reason in the whole of it. I am bound to say, on my conscience, that of all the evils inflicted upon us by those acquisitions of Slave territory, the North has borne its full part in the infliction. Northern votes, in full proportion, have been given in both Houses, have been given for the extension of territory—and for the extension of slave territory; and this, too, in both Houses of Congress.

We talk of the North. There has been no North. I think the North Star is at last discovered; I think there will be a North; but up to the recent Session of Congress there has been no North. In regard to firm principles against Slavery, they have always existed there. Pope asks:

"Where's the North? At York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zambia, or the Lord knows where."

A country united in just sentiment, strong in opinion and action against the farther extension of Slavery—if there has ever been such a North—if it has ever existed anywhere, it has existed the Lord knows where, I do not. Why, on this very question of the admission of Texas, the North let in Texas.—The Whigs, North and South, resisted Texas. Ten Senators from slaveholding States, from the Whig party, resisted Texas. Two only, as I remember, voted for it But the Southern Whig votes against Texas were overpowered by the Democratic votes from the Free States, and from New England among the rest. Yes, if there had not been votes from New England in favour of Texas, Texas would have been out to this day. Yes, if men from New England had been true, Texas would have been nothing but Texas still. There were four votes in the Senate from New England in favour of the admission of Texas—Mr. Van Buren's friends—Democratic members; one from Maine; two from New Hampshire; one from Connecticut—one of them a gentleman who had held a high office under Mr. Van Buren. They voted for Texas, and they let in Texas, against Southern Whigs and Northern Whigs.—That is the truth of it, my friends.

When Northern Members of Congress voted, in 1818, for the Missouri Compromise, against the known will of their constituents, they were called "Doughfaces." I am afraid, fellow citizens, that the generation of "doughfaces" will be as perpetual as the generation of men.

In 1844, as we all know, Mr. Van Buren was a candidate for the Presidency, on the part of the Democratic party, but lost the nomination at Baltimore. And we now learn, from a letter from Gen. Jackson to Mr. Butler, that Mr Van Buren's claims were superseded because, after all, the South thought that the accomplishment of the annexation of Texas might be more safely entrusted to Southern hands. We all know that the Northern portion of the Democratic party were friendly to Mr. Van Buren. Our neighbours from New Hampshire, and Maine, and elsewhere, were Van Buren men. But the moment it was ascertained that Mr. Polk was the favourite of the South, and the favourite of the South upon the ground that I have mentioned—as a man more certain to bring about the annexation of Texas than Mr. Van Buren—these friends of Mr. Van Buren in the North all "caved in;" not a man of them stood. Mr. Van Buren himself wrote a letter very complimentary to Mr. Polk and Mr. Dallas, and found no fault with the nominees.

Now, gentlemen, if they were "doughfaces," who voted for the Missouri Compromise, what epithet shall describe these men, here in our New England, who are so ready, not only to change or abandon him whom they most cordially wished to support, and for the reason, to make more sure the annexation of Texas?

They nominated Mr. Polk at the request of gentlemen of the South, and who went to vote for him through thick and thin, till the work was accomplished. For my part, I think that "doughfaces" is an epithet not sufficiently reproachful. Now, I think, such persons are doughfaces, and dough heads, and dough souls; [shouts of laughter,] that they are *all* dough; that the coarsest potter may mould them to vessels of dishonour or dishonour—most readily to vessels of *dishonour*. Now, what do we see! Repentence has gone far. There are among these very people—these very gentlemen—persons who espouse, with great zeal, the interest of the Free Soil party. I hope their repentance is as sincere as it appears to be. I hope it is honest conviction, and not merely a new chance for power, under a new name and a new party. With all their pretensions, and with all their patriotism, I see dough sticking on some of their cheeks. And therefore, I have no confidence—not a particle. I do not mean to say, that the great mass of the people, especially those who went to that Convention from this State, have not the highest and purest motives. I think they act unwisely: I acquit them of dishonest intentions. And with respect to others, and those who have been part and parcel—those who have brought Slavery into this Union—of distrust. If they repent, let them, before we trust them, do works worthy of repentance.

I have said, gentlemen, that in my opinion, if it were desirable to place Mr. Van Buren at the head of Government, there is no chance for him. Others are as good judges as I am. But I am not able to say that I see any State in the Union of which there is a reasonable probability that he will get the vote. There may be. Others are more versed in such statistics than I am. But I see not, and therefore, I think that the issue is reduced exactly between Gen. Cass and Gen. Taylor.

You may remember, that in the discussions of 1844, when Mr. Birney was drawing off votes from Mr. Clay, I said that every vote for Mr. Birney was half a vote for Mr. Polk. Is it not true that the Liberty vote, abstracted from Mr. Clay's vote in the State of New York, made Mr. Polk President?—That is as clear as any historical fact. And in my judgment, it will be so now. I consider every Whig vote given to Mr. Van Buren directly aiding the election of Mr. Cass. Mark, I say, *Whig* vote.—Now there may be States in which Van Buren may draw from the other side largely. But I speak of Whig votes, in this State and in any State. And I am of opinion that any vote given to Mr. Van Buren inures for Gen. Cass.

Now as to Gen. Cass, gentlemen. We need not go to the Baltimore Platform to instruct ourselves in what his politics are, or how he will conduct the Government. Gen. Cass will go into the Government as coming in by the same party that elected Mr. Polk; and he will "follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor." [Laughter.] I hold him, I confess, in the present state of the country, to be the most dangerous man in whom the powers of the executive chief Magistracy could well be placed. He has described himself, not as conservative, not as protective to present institutions, but as belonging to the party of Progress. He believes in the doctrine of American destiny; and that that destiny is to go through wars, and invasions, and armies of aggrandizement—to establish a great, powerful, domineering Government over all this country. We know that if Mr. Cass could have prevented it, the settlement of the Oregon question would not have been accomplished in 1846.

We know that Gen. Cass could have prevented the Mexican war; and we know that he was first and foremost in pressing that war. We know that he is a man of talent, of ability, of some celebrity as a statesman, in every way superior to his predecessor, if he should be the successor of Mr. Polk. But I think him a man of rash politics, pushed on by a rash party, and committed to a course of policy, as I believe, not in consistency with benefit to the country. Therefore it is for you, and for me, and for all of us—Whigs—to consider, whether in this state of the case we can, or cannot, we will, or will not, give our votes for the Whig nomination. I leave that to every man's conscience. I have endeavoured to state the case as it presents itself to me.

Gentlemen, before Gen. Taylor's nomination, I stated always, when the subject was mentioned by my friends, that I did not and could not recommend the nomination of a military man to the people of the United States, for the office of President. It was against my conviction of what was due to the best interests of the country, and to the character of the Republic. I stated always, at the same time, that if Gen. Taylor should be nominated by the Whig Convention, fairly, I should not oppose his election. I stand now upon the same declaration.

Gen. Taylor has been nominated fairly, as far as I know, and I cannot, therefore, and shall not, oppose his election. At the same time there is no man who is more firmly of opinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made. But the declaration that I would not oppose Gen. Taylor if nominated by the Whig party, was of course subject, in the nature of things, to some exceptions. If I believed him to be a man who would plunge the country into farther wars, for any purpose of ambition or conquest, I would oppose him, let him be nominated by whom he might. If I believed that he was a man who would exert his official influence for the farther extension of the Slave Power, I would oppose him, let him be nominated by whom he might. But I do not believe either. [Applause.] I believe he has been from the improper, impolitic, and inexpedient. I believe from the best information I can obtain—and you will take this as my opinion, gentlemen—I believe, from the best information I can obtain, that he has no disposition to go to war, or to increase the limits of Slavery, or to allow of the annexation of new States to this Union.

Gentleman, so much for what may be considered as belonging to the Presidency as a national question. But the case by no means stops here. We are citizens of Massachusetts. We are whigs of Massachusetts. We have supported the present Government of the State for years, with success; and I have thought that most Whigs were satisfied with the administration of the State Government in the hands of those who have had it. But now it is proposed, on the basis of the Buffalo Platform, to carry this into the State elections, as well as into the national elections. There is to be nomination of a candidate for Governor, against Mr. Briggs, there is to be a nomination of a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, against Mr. Reed, or whoever may be nominated by the Whigs; and there are to be nominations against the present members of Congress. Now, what is the utility of that?—We have ten members in the Congress of the United States. I know not ten men of any party who are more zealous, and firm, and inflexible in their opposition against Slavery in any form.

And what will be the result? Suppose a considerable number of Whigs secede from the Whig candidate to this new party—what will be the result? Do we not know what has been the case in this country? Do we not know that this District has been unrepresented from month to month, and from year to year, because there has been an opposition to as good an Anti-Slavery man as breathes the air of this District? On this occasion, and in this presence, I may allude to our present Representative, Mr. Hale. Do we want a man to give a better vote in Congress than Mr. Hale gives? Why, I undertake to say, that there is not one of the Liberty party, nor will there be one of this new party, who will have the least objection to Mr. Hale, except that he was not nominated by themselves. Ten to one, if the Whigs had not nominated him, they would have nominated him themselves.

Now, gentlemen, I remember it to have occurred, that on very important questions in Congress the vote was lost for want of two or three members which Massachusetts might have sent, but which, in consequence of the division of parties, she did not send. And now I forsee that if in this District any considerable number of Whigs think it their duty to join in the support of Mr. Van Buren, and in the support of gentlemen whom that party may nominate for Congress—I foresee the same thing will take place, and we shall be without a Representative in all probability, in the first session of the next Congress, when the very battle is to be fought on this very Slavery question. I am sure that honest, intelligent and patriotic Whigs, will lay this consideration to their consciences, and judge of it as they think they ought to do.

Gentlemen, I will detain you but a moment longer. You know, perhaps, that I gave my vote in Congress against the Treaty of Peace with Mexico because it contained these cessions of territory, and brought under the authority of the United States, with a pledge of future admission into the Union, the great, vast, and almost unknown countries of New Mexico and California. In the session before the last, one of the Southern Senators, Mr. Berrien of Georgia, had moved a resolution to the effect that the war ought not to be continued for the purposes of conquest and acquisition. He declared that the war with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted by this Government with any view to the dismemberment of that Republic, or to the acquisition, by conquest, of any portion of her territory. That proposition he introduced in the form of a resolution into Congress, and I believe that every Whig in Congress but one voted for it. But the Senators belonging to the Loco-Foco or Democratic party voted against it. The Senators from New York voted against it. One of the Senators from Maine, Gen. Cass from the free State of Michigan, Mr. Fairfield from Maine, Mr. Niles from Connecticut, and others voted against it, and the vote was lost. That is, these gentlemen, some of them very prominent, and friends of Mr. Van Buren, and ready to take the field for him—these very gentlemen voted not to exclude territory that should be obtained by conquest. They were willing to bring in the territory, and then have a squabble and controversy whether it should be Slave or Free Territory. I was of opinion that the true and safe policy was to shut out the whole question, by getting no territory, and thereby keep off the controversy. The territory will do us no good if free—it will be an incumbrance if free. To a great extent it will produce a great preponderance in favour of the South in the Senate, even if it be free. Let us keep it out therefore. But no.

But, gentlemen, in an important crisis, in English history, in the reign of Charles II. when the country was threatened by the accession of a prince to the throne, who was a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, then called the Duke of York, a proposition was made to exclude him from the throne. Some said that was a very rash measure, brought forward by very rash men, that they had better admit him and then put limitations upon him—chain him down—restrict him. When the debate was going on, a gentleman is reported to have risen and expressed his sentiments by rather a grotesque comparison, but one of considerable force.

"I hear," said he, "a lion in the lobby roar; say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door and keep him out, or let him in, and then see how we can manage him here?" I was for shutting the door and keeping Texas out. Other more confident spirits, who are of the character of Wormwell, were for letting him in and disturbing all the interests of the country, and when this Mexican treaty came before the Senate, it had certain clauses ceding New Mexico and California to the United States. A Southern gentleman, Mr. Badger of North Carolina moved to strike out these clauses. Now you understand that if a motion to strike out a clause be supported by one-third, it will be struck out—that is, two thirds of the Senate must vote for each clause in order to have it retained. The vote on that question was 38 to 14—not one-third. And why was there not one-third? Just because there were four New England Senators voting for these new territories. That is the reason. They said that we must have peace at any rate. And there was this sort of apology—which I confess rather amused me at the time—that certain portions of the public press, that a good many respectable people of the country, and especially in the large cities, many of whom I hold in great estimation, cried out, "Peace! Peace! Stanch the wounds of war and let us have peace."

I hope I am as ardent an advocate of peace as any man living; but I would not be carried away by the desire for peace, and have nothing else. I am under the notion that we could not have struck out the cessions of territory and have had peace without them. And I would be willing to go before the people and leave it to them to say, whether they would carry on the war any longer. If they would, then they were the artificers of their own fortunes. I was not afraid of the people on that subject. If it had continued the war some longer, I would have preferred that the war should continue some longer, rather than that those territories lying on our southern border, should come in hereafter upon that border. I should speak on this subject with more confidence, were it not that other gentlemen of the same party with myself voted for the treaty.

I voted to strike out the articles of cession. They would have been struck out if four of the New England Senators had voted it. I then voted against the ratification of the treaty, and that treaty would have failed if three New England Senators had voted as I did,—and Whig Senators too. I should do the same thing again, and with much more resolution—I would have ran a still greater risk, I would have endured a still greater shock before I would have agreed to anything—rather than have been a participator in anything—which should have a tendency to annex Southern territory to the States of the Union.

Gentlemen, since I have had the honour of receiving the invitation to meet my fellow citizens to-day—after receiving this invitation, I should say—after receiving this invitation, I found it necessary, in the discharge of my duty, though with great inconvenience to my health, to be present at the closing scenes of the session. You know what there transpired. You know the important decision that was made in both Houses of Congress, in regard to Oregon. The immediate question respected Oregon—or rather the bill respected Oregon—but the question more particularly these new Territories. The effect of the bill in the Senate was to establish these new Territories as slaveholding States. The House agreed. The Senate receded from that amendment, and the bill passed, establishing Oregon as a Free Territory, and making no provision for the newly acquired Territories on the South. Now, gentlemen, I will say that my vote, and the reasons I gave for it, are known to the good people of Massachusetts, and I have not heard that they expressed any particular disapprobation of it. [Applause.] But this question is to be resumed the first session of the next Congress—I think not in this Congress—I think at least there is no probability that it will be settled at the next session of this Congress; but the first session of the next Congress, this question will be resumed. It will enter at this very period into all the elections of the South.

And now I venture to say, gentlemen, two things: the first well known to you. That Gen. Cass is in favour of what is called the Compromise Line; and that the Wilmot Proviso, or the Ordinance of 1787, which exió territories lying south of 36 30. He announced this before he was nominated, and if he had not announced it, he would have been thirty-six degress thirty minutes farther off from being nominated. In the next place, he will do all he can to establish that Compromise Line; and lastly, which is a matter of opinion in my conscientious belief, he will establish it.

Give him the power and the patronage of the Government, let him exercise it over certain portions of the country whose representatives voted on the occasion to leave off that question for future consideration, to settle it that Oregon shall be free, and leave New-Mexico and California to be dreided hereafter. Let him have the power of this Government, with his attachments, with his inducements: I verily believe that unless there is a renewed strength, an augmented strength of the Whig votes in Congress, he will accomplish his purpose. He will surely have the Senate, and with the patronage of the Government, with every interest which he can bring to bear, co-operating with every interest which the South can bring to bear, he will establish the Compromise Line We cry "safety" before we are out of the woods, if we feel that there is no danger about these new territories.

Gentlemen, I came here to confer with you as friends and countrymen, to speak my own mind, but if we all should speak, and occupy as much time as I have, we should make a late meeting. I shall detain you no longer I have been long in public life—far longer—far longer—than I shall remain there. I have had some participation for more than thirty years in the councils of the country; I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States—to the constitution and free institutions of the United States—to the honour, and I may say the glory, of this great Government and great Country. I feel every injury inflicted upon this country, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own. I know that at this moment, there is no object upon earth so attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great Republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men anxious for a favourable result to this great experiment of Republican liberty. We are on a hill and cannot be hid. We cannot withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire which half a century ago was predicted as making its way westward. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, making its way, athwart the whole heavens to the enlightening and cheering of mankind: and not a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

From the New York Herald.

JACOB BARKER ON GENERAL TAYLOR'S ELECTION.

NEW YORK, 5th Sept. 1848.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq.

Dear Sir:—You ask what will be the course of the original Southern friends of General Taylor, in relation to the election of Mr. Fillmore? I answer that they will support him with the same fidelity they do the hero of Buena Vista. They nominated General Taylor from an earnest desire for peace with Mexico, and from a conviction that a vigorous prosecution of the war was the best; in fact, the only way to procure an honourable peace. To promote that object, together with a wholesome restraint on the exercise of the veto power, and a reformation in the administration of the finances of the nation they wished to see General Taylor elected, and they fondly hoped, from his peculiar fitness for the station, that the Baltimore, as well as the Philadelphia convention, would have concurred in his nomination. The Baltimore convention preferred another;

to see it extended. It would be a lasting disgrace to this Republic to authorize Slavery in countries where it does not now exist. In saying this, I speak only for myself; yet it is my opinion that such would be the general opinion in Louisiana, if the subject should be there discussed and considered. The citizens of that State are, like most other people, attached to their own interests. They do not raise slaves for sale; they do not emigrate to new countries for agricultural pursuits; their soil is as good as can be wished. With more lands than the owners can supply with hands for a century to come, they are purchasers rather than sellers of slaves; hence it is not for their interest to extend the market and thereby augment the price of slaves. I believe further, that the whole South would gladly agree that all the slaves should be paid for from the United States treasury, made free, and sent to the newly acquired territory, and there formed into a separate nation to be governed by themselves. A great portion of such territory I consider worthless to this nation for any other purpose—or if New and Old England wish otherwise to emancipate them, they have only to send back their ships which brought them South, with the money for which they sold these unfortunate men into Slavery, and the present holders would gladly exchange them back. Britain forced them on her colonies, which they resisted to the utmost of their power, and those who sent them into Slavery cannot, with any grace, ask their emancipation from those to whom they sold them, without returning the money.

I have resided among these people for the last fourteen years, during all which time I have defended the free coloured inhabitants to the best of my ability, without accepting any fees for my services, and have expended every dollar I could afford in experiments to prove to the slaveholders that it would be for their interest to employ free labourers in preference to slaves, and otherwise aid in the cause of freedom. I consider the slaves of Lousiana better fed, clothed, cared for when sick, and happier than the working classes of any other part of the habitable globe; they have not any care for the morrow—no terror of quarter-day—can marry and have as many children as they like. All this, however, does not sanctify the institution of Slavery, and should not abate the zeal of freemen for their emancipation. The friends of free soil, as well as the Abolitionists, should read, from the *Delta* newspaper, published at New Orleans on the 27th of August, 1848, the speech herewith, of General Preston, in relation to Mr. Fillmore, delivered at Lafayette, La. He is one of the most respectable talented, and worthy citizens of that place, and whose object was to make capital for Gen. Cass.

After reading this speech, let the Free Soil men say whether they will cast off Mr. Fillmore by voting for Mr Van Buren; they cannot both be elected. By voting for Mr. Van Buren, they not only prefer Gen. Cass to Gen. Taylor, but they cast off Mr. Fillmore, and what is of the highest importance, they throw away their votes. As it does not seem possible, in the present organization of parties, to elect Mr. Van Buren, I would say to all parties, as I would to man and wife, in case of domestic contention, compromise your differences; yield your prejudices; abstain from all unkind reflections and co operate for the general good. How can the Free Soil men, the Abolitionist—and the slaveholder, do this better, than by the support of Gen. Taylor and Mr. Fillmore?

To do any good to the coloured people, some practicable plan must be devised to send them off, or to fit them for freedom at home. Suppose it were possible to turn three or four millions of uneducated free labourers, penniless, at once in this community, I would ask, would it be prudent to do so. Would our wives and daughters like to encounter such a mass? Would the German, Irish, labourers, like thus to be elbowed out of their accustomed occupation? If not, let them beware how they favour any project leading to such a result. And to these men, I think I have a right to say a word or a long time been their fast friend and having, during especially so of the adopted citizens; the Irish in particular know this, and I say to them, if General Taylor should be elected, they will have a President whose benevolence is proverbial, and who will sympathize with the oppressed of all nations. I say this emphatically from a personal acquaintance with that good man.

Very respectable, your obedient servant.

JACOB BARKER.

THE UNION.

No words in our language are more bandied about, just now, than these. "The Union"—"this Union"—shall it be preserved, or shall it be dissolved?

Our fathers came together and formed a social union. They felt that in union they would be strong; that divided, they would be weak—easily overthrown, and subject to any Power that might essay their enslavement. The sympathy which the Indian wars had called forth, continued a sacred pledge, long after victory had been attained. In the French War, the same feeling broke forth afresh; and when the aggressions of the Mother Country amounted to an intolerable burden, then it was, from North to South, that but one voice was heard, that of resistance. After the union of the thirteen States to effect this deliverance, and final conquest, it seemed impossible that anything short of a still stronger union would be satisfactory. Every heart in view of what had been accomplished felt joyous, affectionate and unselfish. All were anxious to unite upon a basis, sufficiently broad to comprehend the interests of all.

But, notwithstanding this hearty desire of perpetual alliance, and a strong reluctance to appear suspicious of the integrity of any who composed the deliberative assembly appointed to frame a Constitution; there soon sprung up difficulties, which increased in formidableness the more they were examined; and even after the Constitution had been ratified, it required the sagacity of the ablest statesmen to explain many of its features, and to unfold the various constructions that were put upon it by those who submitted it to the acceptance of the whole people.

It appears, from the history of that time, that no one entertained an idea for a moment, that Slavery was to be a perpetual institution of the country, or any portion of it. It was felt to be a weight, that in time would be gladly thrown off by those who should feel most aggrieved by it; and in several of the States where the system slightly existed, it was shortly abandoned. Beyond the limits in which the system existed, none of the expounders of the Constitution, not even Mr. Jefferson, ever supposed that it would be or could be extended. Had such an idea been only whispered in the ear of the Representatives from the North, it would have proved an insurmountable barrier in the formation of a Constitutional Government. And even as things then existed, the union was a union of compromise. It was founded upon the idea that integrity and uprightness would prevail over cupidity and wrong. Upon this slender thread the hopes of a large portion of the people were suspended; until a feeling found expression, favourable to an enlargement of territory, and which was consummated by the purchase of Louisiana. Then followed the acquisition of Florida, and close upon it the annexation of Texas.

The union of COMPROMISE having totally failed to bind together the people, as with one heart, there followed next the union of FORCE, by which the various otherwise disjointed limbs have been kept in a sort of mock play. This latter union, however, has been obliged to give way to the union of EXPEDIENCY; and how long this motive is to prevail, a very few years will determine. It must be acknowledged, that not for a moment, since the ratification of the Constitution, has there been a hearty union between the people of the North and the South.—And the very *appearance* of union has been owing mainly to the manufacture of cotton at the North. Had there never been a cotton manufactory at the North, Slavery would either have died out at the South, for want of Northern capital to sustain it, or the Union would have been dissolved. The North has, ignorantly and unwittingly it may be, encouraged the growth of cotton, rice, tobacco and hemp, the natural products of the slave States; and hence the cupidity, which has led them into a regular system of slave breeding, to meet the expected demand for slave labour in new States, to be formed out of the recently acquired territory in Mexico and California.

To show in what a false position we of the North are placed in consequence of this vexed question, and how childish a whim is this Union, it need only to be stated, that all communication between the North and the South is cut off, by the nullification doctrines of the South. A coloured citizen of the United States, entitled to vote for its President, is liable to imprisonment at the South, if he puts his foot upon an inch of that territory; and when so caught, and the sovereign State in which he belongs attempts to institute a legal investigation before the Courts of the United States in his behalf, the agent in that honourable enterprise is thrust out of that territory and menaced with death. And this is called a Union. Blessed Union! where all sense of justice is repudiated, and where dollars and cents constitute the only links which bind it together. Blessed Union! where the largest portion of the family are denied the protection of laws, enacted for the benefit of all. Blessed Union! where the right of speech and the liberty of the press is denied. Blessed Union! where education is frowned down, and where the word of God is not permitted to be read.

We have been drawn to this subject in consequence of the stirring debate in the Senate of the United States, just at the close of the late session of Congress. In that debate Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, took part. We have been in the habit of paying great respect to this gentleman's opinions, not because of their coincidence with our own, but for his frankness and honourable bearing towards all from whom he differed. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that we read the following extract, at the close of his speech on the Oregon question:

"Mr. Mangum said, I have no threats to make to the Union. In regard to the new territory, he was ready to surrender it, to give it all up. It was not true that there was not less attachment to the Union than there had been. He felt less attachment than formerly. His instinct told him this. To his Northern friends he wished to say that they could not carry out their principles upon this question. They must yield, or forego all sympathy with the South. This thing was an insult to the South, and we were made in this bill to feel our degradation, and to suffer from it. We were kept here night after night, and day after day, to endure this insult. I would rather see my family annihilated, than endure this freedom, forced upon me as an oppression. I do not wish to see Slavery extended, but I will not see my own people excluded from the common rights and benefits of the Union. Over this Wilmot proviso, over this Missouri compromise, he believed the General Government had no power whatever. In regard to the North, there were the members, but the South had the power, the power of the Government, because it might control the Patronage. If we would ask nothing of the Government, but say, "hands off," and if we were true to ourselves, we should conquer. At present, we were doing, and he said this for a portion of the Democratic party, but little better than to steal our neighbour's lands. Upon this bright Sunday morning, after being without sleep for two nights, he might be heard with some allowance, for he had spoken the honest sentiments of his heart. He denounced third parties, and held up a portion of the South to be eminently corrupt, and fit only to be purchased. He thought enough could be purchased, if the South would surrender all the spoils, to keep the South in the ascendancy."

He, Mr. Mangum, was the last man, in our opinion, to connive with Mr. Calhoun in the revival of nullification and dissolution doctrines. Mr. Mangum has been, hitherto, too far sighted upon the subject of Slavery, and the peculiar dangers incident to that institution, to be willing to yield the protection, which the free States, by the Constitution, are bound to afford to them of the South; but it seems that the cool judgment which has hitherto characterised Mr. Mangum as a statesman, gave way under the pressure of those outside influences, which the South so well and so effectually knows how to employ.

Any union of States or individuals, that is to stand and to do good, must have for its foundation a settled principle, as to the law of right. If this first principle is so little understood or agreed upon, that the Bible, which is supposed to contain it, is read as an authority for the Slave system at the South, and as utterly opposing it at the North—how can it be possible that there should be anything like union or agreement upon any of the subjects of national interest? So truly is this felt to be so on all hands, that no question of any moment can be introduced into Congress, without receiving its hue and tone from the Slavery question. And one of the most distinguished members from the South at the late session declared, that until this Slavery question was settled, it would be in vain to harmonize upon any other.

The idea of national union is preposterous upon any other basis than that we have named. As well might a Church and Society unite upon a minister, whose views of Christian doctrine were diametrically opposed to one of those bodies. The country in which we live is spreading itself out in every direction. Now that it has conquered a territory equal in size to thirteen large States, it is opening its grasping vision towards the isles of the sea. Cuba, fertile Cuba, is not only tempting European powers to seize upon it, but America, also, not wishing to be outdone, has longings that nothing but possession will ever satisfy. And all for Slavery. It will not be possible for any nation to seize upon this mine of wealth, without letting loose the dogs of war. Horrible thought! Nay more, to perpetuate the Union of these States, upon its present basis, the North will continually be obliged to falsify those noble principles, which recognize in every human being a brother or sister in Christ; and equally entitled to life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness. For these and many other reasons, we never can vote for a slaveholder, let the consequences be what they may. Principles, not Men. This is a Bible motto. God be praised for it.—*Christian World.*

From the North Star.

TO MY OLD MASTER.

THOMAS AULD, SIR:—The long and intimate, though by no means friendly, relation which unhappily subsisted between you and myself, leads me to hope that you will easily account for the great liberty which I now take in addressing you in this open and public manner. The same fact may possibly remove any disagreeable surprise which you may experience on again finding your name coupled with mine, in any other way than in an advertisement, accurately describing my person, and offering a large sum for my arrest. In thus dragging you again before the public, I am aware that I shall subject myself to no inconsiderable amount of censure. I shall probably be charged with an unwarrantable if not a wanton and reckless disregard of the rights and proprietors of private life. There are those North as well as South, who entertain a much higher respect for rights which are merely conventional, than they do for rights which are personal and essential. Not a few there are in our country who, while they have no scruples against robbing the labourer of the hard-earned results of his patient industry, will be shocked by the extremely indelicate manner of bringing your name before the public. Believing this to be the case, and wishing to meet every reasonable or plausible objection to my conduct, I will frankly state the ground upon which I justify myself in this instance, as well as on former occasions when I have thought proper to mention your name in public. All will agree that a man guilty of theft, robbery or murder, has forfeited the right to concealment and private life; that the community have a right to subject such persons to the most complete exposure. However much they may desire retirement, and aim to conceal themselves and their movements from the popular gaze, the public have a right to ferret them out, and bring their conduct before the proper tribunals of the country for investigation. Sir, you will undoubtedly make the proper application of these generally-admitted principles, and will easily see the light in which you are regarded by me. I will not, therefore, manifest illtemper, by calling you hard names. I know you to be a man of some intelligence, and can readily determine the precise estimate which I entertain of your character. I may therefore indulge in language which may seem to others indirect and ambiguous, and yet be quite well understood by yourself.

I have selected this day on which to address you, because it is the anniversary of my emancipation; and knowing of no better way, I am led to this as the best mode of celebrating that truly important event. Just ten years ago this beautiful September morning, you bright sun beheld me a slave—a poor degraded chattel—trembling at the sound of your voice, lamenting that I was a man, and wishing myself a brute. The hopes which I had treasured up for weeks of a safe and successful escape from your grasp, were powerfully confronted at this last hour by dark clouds of doubt and fear, making my person shake and my bosom to heave with the heavy contest between hope and fear. I have no words to describe to you the deep agony of soul which I experienced on that never to-be-forgotten morning—(for I left by daylight.)—I was taking a leap in the dark. The probabilities, so far as I could by reason determine them, were stoutly against the undertaking. The preliminaries and precautions I had adopted previously, all worked badly. I was like one going to war without weapons—ten chances of defeat to one of victory. One in whom I had confided, and one who had promised me assistance, appalled by fear at the trial-hour, deserted me, thus leaving the responsibility of success or failure solely with myself. You, sir, can never know my feelings. As I look back to them, I can scarcely realize that I have passed through a scene so trying. Trying however as they were, and gloomy as was the prospect, thanks be to the Most High, who is ever the God of the oppressed, at the moment which was to determine my whole earthly career. His grace was sufficient, my mind was made up. I embraced the golden opportunity, took the morning tide at the flood; and a free man, young, active, and strong, is the result.

I have often thought I should like to explain to you the grounds upon which I have justified myself in running away from you. I am almost ashamed to do so now, for by this time you may have discovered them yourself. I will, however, glance at them. When yet but a child about six years old, I imbibed the determination to run away. The very first mental effort that I now remember on my part, was an attempt to solve the mystery, Why am I a slave? and with this question my youthful mind was troubled for many days, pressing me more heavily at times than others. When I saw the slave-driver whip a slave woman, cut the blood out of her neck, and heard her piteous cries, I went into the corner of the fence, wept and pondered over this mystery. I had, through some medium, I know not what, got some idea of God, the Creator of all mankind, the black and the white, and that he had made the blacks to serve the whites as slaves. How he could do this and be *good*, I could not tell. I was not satisfied with this theory, which made God responsible for Slavery, for it pained me greatly, and I have wept over it long and often. At one time, your first wife, Mrs. Lucretia, heard me singing and saw me shedding tears, and asked of me the matter, but I was afraid to tell her. I was puzzled with this question, till one night, while sitting in the kitchen, I heard some of the old slaves talking of their parents having been stolen from Africa by white men, and were sold here as slaves. The whole mystery was solved at once. Very soon after this, my aunt Jinny and uncle Noah ran away, and the great noise made about it by your father-in-law, made me for the first time acquainted with the fact, that there were free States as well as slave States. From that time, I resolved that I would some day run away. The morality of the act, I dispose of as follows: I am myself; you are yourself; we are two distinct person, equal persons. What you are I am. You are a man, and so am I. God created both, and made us separate beings. I am not by nature bound to you, or you to me. Nature does not make your existence depend upon me, or mine to depend upon yours. I cannot walk upon your legs, or you upon mine. I cannot breathe for you, or you for me; I must breathe for myself, and you for youself. We are distinct persons, and are each equally provided with faculties necessary to our individual existence. In leaving you, I took nothing but what belonged to me, and in no way lessened your means of obtaining an honest living. Your faculties remained yours, and mine became useful to their rightful owner. I therefore see no wrong in any part of the transaction. It is true, I went off secretly, but that was more your fault than mine. Had I let you into the secret, you would have defeated the enterprize entirely; but for this, I should have been really glad to have made you acquainted with my intention to leave.

You may perhaps want to know how I like my present condition. I am free to say, I greatly prefer it to that which I occupied in Maryland. I am, however, by no means prejudiced against that State as such. Its geography, climate, fertility and products, are such as to make it a very desireable abode for any man; and but for the existence of Slavery there, it is not impossible that I might again take up my abode in that State. It is not that I love Maryland less, but freedom more. You will be surprised to learn that people at the North labour under the strange delusion that if the slaves were emancipated at the South, they would all flock to the North. So far from this being the case, in that event, you would see many old and familiar faces back again at the South. The fact is, there are few here who would not return to the South in the event of emancipation. We want to live in the land of our birth, and to lay our bones by the side of our fathers; and nothing short of an intense love of personal freedom keeps us from the South. For the sake of this, most of us would live on a crust of bread and a cup of cold water.

Since I left you, I have had a rich experience. I have occupied stations which I never dreamed of when a slave. Three out of the ten years since I left you, I spent as a common labourer on the wharves of New Bedford, Massachusetts. It was there I earned my first free dollar. It was mine. I could spend it as I pleased. I could buy hams or herring with it, without asking any odds of anybody. That was a precious dollar to me.—You remember when I used to make seven or eight, and even nine dollars a week in Baltimore, you would take every cent of it from me every Saturday night, saying that I belonged to you, and my earnings also. I never liked this conduct on your part—to say the best, I thought it a little mean. I would not have served you so. But let that pass. I was a little awkward about counting money in New England fashion when I first landed in New Bedford. I like to have betrayed myself several times. I caught myself saying phip, for fourpence; and one time a man actually charged me with being a runaway, whereupon I was silly enough to become one by running away from him, for I was greatly afraid he might adopt measures to get me again into Slavery, a condition I then dreaded more than death.

I soon, however, learned to count money, as well as to make it, and got on swimmingly. I married soon after leaving off: in fact, I was engaged to be married before I left you; and instead of finding my companion a burden she was truly a helpmeet. She went to live at service, and I to work on the wharf, and though we toiled hard the first winter, we never lived more happily. After remaining in New Bedford for three years, I met with Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a person of whom you have *possibly* heard, as he is pretty generally known among slaveholders. He put it into my head that I might make myself serviceable to the cause of the slave by devoting a portion of my time to telling my own scrrows, and those of other slaves which had come under my observation. This was the commencement of a higher state of existence than any to which I had ever aspired. I was thrown into society the most pure, enlightened and benevolent that the country affords. Among these, I have never forgotten you, but have invariably made you the topic of conversation—thus giving you all toe notoriety I could do. I need not tell you that the opinion formed of you in these circles, is far from being favourable. They have little respept for your honesty, and less for your religion.

But I was going on to relate to you something of my interesting experience. I had not long enjoyed the excellent society to which I have referred, before the light of its excellence exerted a beneficial influence on my mind and heart. Much of my early dislike of white persons was removed, and their manners, habits, and customs, so entirely unlike what I had been used to in the kitchen-quarters on the plantations of the South, fairly charmed me, and gave me a strong disrelish for the coarse and degrading customs of my former condition. I therefore made an effort so to improve my mind and deportment, as to be somewhat fitted to the station to which I seemed almost Providentially called. The transition from degradation to respectability was indeed great, and to get from one to the other without carrying some marks of one's former condition, is truly a difficult matter. I would not have you think that I am now entirely clear of all plantation peculiarities, but my friends here, while they entertain the strongest dislike to them, regard me with that charity to which my past life somewhat entitles me, so that my condition in this respect is exceedingly pleasant. So far as my domestic affairs are concerned, I can boast of as comfortable a dwelling as your own.—I have as industrious and neat a companion, and four dear children—the oldest a girl of nine years, and three fine boys, the oldest eight, the next six, and the youngest four years old. The three oldest are now going regularly to school—two can read and write, and the other can spell with tolerable correctness words of two syllables. Dear fellows! they are all in comfortable beds, and are sound asleep perfectly secure under my own roof. There are no slaveholders here to rend my heart by snatching them from my arms, or blast a proud mother's dearest hopes by tearing them from her bosom. These dear children are ours—not to work up into rice, sugar and tobacco, but to watch over, regard, and protect, and to rear them up in the nurture and admonition of the gospel—to train them up in the paths of wisdom and virtue, and, as far as we can, to make them useful to the world and to themselves. Oh! sir, a slaveholder never appears to me so completely an agent of hell, as when I think of and look upon my dear children. It is then that my feelings rise above my control. I meant to have said more with respect to my own prosperity and happiness, but thoughts and feelings which this recital has quickened, unfits me to proceed further in that direction. The grim horrors of Slavery rise in all their ghastly terror before me, the wails of millions pierce my heart, and chill my blood. I remember the chain, the gag, the bloody whip, the deathlike gloom overshadowing the broken spirit of the fettered bondman, the appalling liability of his being torn away from wife and children and sold like a beast in the market. Say not that this is a picture of fancy. You well know that I wear stripes on my back inflicted by your direction; and that you, while we were brothers in the same church, caused this right hand, with which I am now penning this letter, to be closely tied to my left, and my person dragged at the pistol's mouth, fifteen miles, from the Bay side to Easton, to be sold like a beast in the market, for the alleged crime of intending to escape from your possession. All this and more you remember, and know to be perfectly true, not only of yourself, but of nearly all the slaveholders around you.

At this moment, you are probably the guilty holder of at least three of my own dear sisters, and my only brother in bondage. These you regard as your property.—They are recorded on your ledger, or perhaps have been sold to human flesh mongers, with a view to filling your own ever-hungry purse. Sir, I desire to know how and where these dear sisters are. Have you sold them? or are they still in your possession? What has become of them? are they living or dead? And my dear old grandmother, whom you turned out like an old horse, to die in the woods—is she still alive? Write and let me know all about them. If my grandmother be still alive, she is of no service to you, for by this time she must be nearly eighty years old—too old to be cared for by one to whom she has ceased to be of service, send her to me at Rochester, or bring her to Philadelphia, and it shall be the crowning happiness of my life to take care of her in her old age. Oh! she was to me a mother, and a father, so far as hard toil for my comfort could make her such.—Send me my grandmother! that I may watch over and take care of her in her old age. And my sisters, let me know all about them. I would write to them, and learn all I want to know of them without disturbing you in any way, but that, through your unrighteous conduct, they have been entirely deprived of the power to read and write. You have kept them in utter ignorance, and have therefore robbed them of the sweet enjoyments of writing or receiving letters from absent friends and relatives. Your wickedness and cruelty committed in this respect on your own fellow-creatures, are greater than all the stripes you have laid upon my back, or theirs.—It is an outrage upon the soul—a war upon the immortal spirit, and one for which you must give account at the bar of our common Father and Creator.

The responsibility which you have assumed in this regard is truly awful—and how you could stagger under it these many years is marvellous. Your mind must have become darkened, your heart hardened, your conscience seared and petrified, or you would have long since thrown off the accursed load and sought relief at the hands of a sin forgiving God. How, let me ask, would you look upon me, were I some dark night in company with a band of hardened villains, to enter the precincts of your own elegant dwelling and seize the person of your own lovely daughter Amanda, and carry her off from your family, friends and all the loved ones of her youth—make her my slave—compel her to work, and I take her wages—place her name on my ledger as property—disregard her personal rights—fetter the powers of her immortal soul by denying her the right and privilege of learning to read and write—feed her coarsely—clothe her scantily, and whip her on the naked back occasionally; more and still more horrible, leave her unprotected—a degraded victim to the brutal lust of fiendish overseers who would pollute, blight, and blast her fair soul—rob her of all dignity—destroy her virtue, and annihilate all in her person the graces that adorn the character of virtuous womanhood? I ask how would you regard me, if such were my conduct? Oh! the vocabulary of the damned would not afford a word sufficiently infernal, to express your idea of my God-provoking wickedness. Yet sir, your treatment of my beloved sisters is in all essential points, precisely like the case I have now supposed. Damning as would be such a deed on my part, it would be no more so than that which you have committed against me and my sisters.

I will now bring this letter to a close, you shall hear from me again unless you let me hear from you. I intend to make use of you as a weapon with which to assail the system of Slavery—as a means of concentrating public attention on the system, and deepening their horror of trafficking in the souls and bodies of men. I shall make use of you as a means of exposing the character of the American church and clergy—and as a means of bringing this guilty nation with yourself to repentance. In doing this I entertain no malice towards you personally. There is no roof under which you would be more safe than mine, and there is nothing in my house which you might need for your comfort, which I would not readily grant. Indeed, I should esteem it a privilege, to set you an example as to how mankind ought to treat each other.

I am your fellow man but not your slave,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

P. S.—I send a copy of the paper containing this letter, to save postage.—F. D.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1848.

When we first went to the theatre, that which delighted us most, among the thousand and one marvels, was the swiftness with which the change of costume was effected. The Fairy had but to wave her wand, at once the peasant-dress would fly off, and the true prince stood confessed in all the splendour of soiled satin and copper lace. As we sit now in our quiet corner of the pit and watch the droll pantomime of politics, we are still more astonished at the dexterity with which we see coats turned before our very eyes. A moment ago the dough-face livery was the only wear. Now everybody stands smiling in his new Anti-Slavery suit.

We are quite persuaded that, if any unforseen contingency should remove General Taylor from the Presidential canvass, the Whig Party would insist on Mr. Garrison's waiving all personal considerations and allowing his name to replace that of the Abolitionist General. Nothing short of such a nomination would satisfy their fiery zeal. Should Mr. G. at this moment return to Boston from his short vacation in cold water, the gentlemen of property and standing would drag him through the streets in a triumphal car by the very same rope with which they whilome conspired to raise him to a very different elevation.

The Buffalo Convention seems to have wrought this singular and sudden transformation. Mr. Van Buren has played the part of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. As long as he was piping away only Democratic rats, there was nobody like him. The Whig Presses blew their trumpets before him, and it was doubtful for a short time whether he or General Taylor were the better Abolitionist. But presently the Whig children began to troop after him, and then all at once they began to discover the wolf's ears—no, the fox's brush—underneath the sheep's clothing. Then they could not away with such milk-and-water Anti-Slavery. He did not go far enough for them, not to mention the circumstance that he had no business to move forward an inch. He was Pro-Slavery in 1836, and it was his duty to continue so. They were shocked at such disgusting inconsistency. They revived that atrocious charge brought against him in the campaign of 1840, of raising cabbages in his garden at Kinderhook. They reproached him somewhat as Mr. Auld did Frederick Douglass when he called him a "*recreant* slave." They pointed to the broken collar he had thrown away, and asked him if he were not ashamed of himself. They accused him of treachery to his former bad principles. Had he no respect for vested rights that he should infringe upon their patent for manufacturing Anti-Slavery professions on the eve of an election? Poor Mr. Van Buren! they had served him so daintily for a day or two that he began to fancy himself a true Duke, but he finds that he was only plain Christopher Sly after all.

It has been remarked that *demireps* are always loudest in expressing their indignation, and always readiest to cast the first stone, at any sister detected in frailty. Accordingly we find that Mr. Webster, with the tan of the Richmond October sun not yet out of his face, is shocked beyond measure at Mr. Van Buren's former Pro-Slavery attitude. Sitting upon the fence at Marshfield (where we will venture to say he does not raise a single cabbage—that emblem of Taylorism) he tells his neighbours that, should he and Mr. Van Buren meet upon the same political platform, they could not look at each other without laughing. If Mr. Webster's face look as black as it is said to have done just after the Philadelphia nomination, we think it the last thing in the world that any one would venture even a smile at. Mr. Webster finds fault with Mr. Van Buren because Northern Democratic Senators voted in favour of the annexation of Texas. But where was Mr. Webster himself? If he foresaw that Texas would be a Trojan Horse, why did he not say so? If people would not come to hear him in Faneuil Hall, could he not have gathered his friends and neighbours together at Marshfield, as he did last week? It is perfectly clear now by actual demonstration, as it was clear then to persons who thought about the matter, that if Mr. Webster had put himself at the head of the opposers of annexation, Texas would never have been annexed, and he would have been the next President of the United States. The effect of the Free Soil movement, led by men with not a tithe of his influence, upon the Compromise Bill, puts this beyond a question. Where was the Wilmot Proviso then? At the Springfield Convention a year ago, Mr. Webster laid claim to this as "his thunder." In the Marshfield speech he dates its origin as far back as 1787. A precocious Cyclops, truly, to be forging thunderbolts in his fifth year! If Mr. Webster should live till 1852, and his retrospective Anti-Slavery feeling go on increasing at its present ratio he will tell us that he established the Liberator in 1831.

Beyond doubt it is an encouraging sign of the times that Northern politicians are endeavouring to fix the stigma of Pro-Slavery upon their opponents. The weathercocks, feeling themselves compelled to the right-about, are assuring us that they have all along been labouring to produce so desirable a result, and that we owe the present prospect of clearer weather chiefly to their self-sacrificing exertions. Though no Abolitionist can feel satisfied with the Buffalo Platform, yet God forbid that we should not give our hearty encouragement to any party which is taking the first step toward a more honest life. To pay only the first cent in the dollar is better than a brazen fraudulent bankruptcy. As we said in our first hasty article upon the Buffalo Convention, it will be impossible for the Free Soil Party to stop when they have once carried the points which they are now contending for. In regard to Slavery they will only have conquered a negative position, and to preserve themselves from immediate dissolution they must assume an affirmative one. They must not only resist, but, in order to be free from the chance of another attack at the very first opportunity, they must invade the hostile territory and tear up those roots which supply sap to the war. Already they have made one move onward and have avowed themselve Abolitionists to the extent of ten miles square.

It is very evident that at the conventions of the New Party, the minds of the people run on before those of the speakers, and frame logical conclusions to the premises at which they would stop short. The farther the speaker ventures to go, the more sure he is of a hearty reapose on the part of his hearers. A fine abstract sentiment of freedom makes, what the reporters call a *sensation*, a sharp thrust at the Slave-Power will be applauded, but to bring down the house, Slavery itself must be denounced. "When I begin to see him blow red water," we once heard a whaler say, "then I feel good." So the people feel when they think the harpoon has reached a vital part of the monster Slavery. When they are told that it is a "wrong and a curse," and in the same breath, are called upon to pledge themselves to let it alone, they are conscious of a decided *non sequitur*. Let us make a fable to illustrate it, founded on the Siamese Twins.

Once upon a time Chang took to bad courses. He frequented bar-rooms, and even more disreputable places, and at last became an inveterate sot. Now, wherever Chang went, of course Eng was seen also, and his character began to suffer accordingly. Nor was this all. Whatever diseases Chang contracted, Eng suffered his share of, not to mention that, though a cold-water man himself, his liver was being burnt up by the brandy which ran down his brother's throat. Eng consulted his spiritual adviser, and wished him to reason with Chang, and represent to him the wickedness of his conduct. "It would not do, my dear Sir, it would not do at all. Mr. Chang is a member of my Society, and subscribes liberally for missions and other gospel purposes." Eng went to his lawyer. That gentleman merely laid his finger on the bond which held the two brothers together, and shook his head. In despair Eng sent for a surgeon. "I would not venture an operation, lest both parties bleed to death."—One day Eng was sitting on the edge of the gutter, into which his brother had tumbled, when a medical man, thought rather *ultra* by the Faculty, came up. Eng looked at him despairingly. "Give him his choice, as soon as he is sober, to begin a reform to-morrow morning, or to submit to the knife at once. In a few months the operation will be necessary to save your life." J. R. L.

S. C. PHILLIPS has been nominated for Governor by the Free Soil Party of Massachusetts.

THE LYNN PIONEER states that we are in error in ascribing certain views in a late article to Messrs. Chase, Sewall, and Gerrit Smith. We are wrong, it says, in supposing that Mr. Chase has not always advocated the "permanency" of the Liberty party. We think not.—By the "permaneney" of the Liberty party, we meant the position maintained by many of those who transferred themselves the other day at Buffalo to a new party, that the Liberty party should hold to its independent organization till Slavery, through it, should be abolished; that standing, as they assumed, on the only true ground, it should never be merged in any other movement, but that all other parties must come to, and be merged in it.—Mr. Chase, we understand, has long desired and laboured for a coalition among all the opponents of Slavery for the formation of a party which should embrace not only the "one idea" of the Liberty party, but others which he deemed of importance in the polity of the country.—We have looked upon him as attached very loosely to the Liberty party, as regarding it only as a transition state to something better, and as ready at any moment to join heart and hand in any movement which promised more speedy political action against Slavery and the Slave Power. It was therefore perfectly consistent in him to accept at once the Free Soil movement, and his position at the Buffalo Convention is in very marked contrast to the ludicrous somerset of Messrs. Leavitt and Stanton, and all of that genus who incontinently kicked their own principles out of doors to make room for what Mr. Webster calls "the sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of availability."

Mr. Sewall, Mr. Bradburn asserts, maintains the Unconstitutionality of Slavery. We had always understood the contrary, and are sorry to learn that we were mistaken. We had supposed him a sounder lawyer, and—begging our friend Bradburn's pardon—of a clearer mind than to believe in such an absurdity as that Slavery is not legal in the Southern States, and that, under the Constitution, we have any right to meddle with it by legislation, except in certain cases, to give it aid and comfort.

Mr. Bradburn does us no more than justice in supposing that we had no intention of "insulting" Gerrit Smith by an allusion to his land-office, or of misrepresenting his views. What we did say was founded upon the following paragraph of his letter:

"I hardly need say, that I am an Abolitionist. But, Abolitionist though I am, I regard Land monopoly, take the world together, as a far more abundant source of suffering debasement, than is Slavery;—and, I add, that, whilst to abolish chattel-Slavery is not to abolish Land-monopoly, to abolish Land-monopoly is to abolish chattel-Slavery."

For an American Abolitionist we take it the question is not whether taking the whole world together there is not more suffering and wrong in it than is inflicted upon the three millions of bondmen in the United States; but whether taking this country, the system of Slavery, with all the wrong and outrage involved in it, wrong and outrage not to the slave only, but to the nominally free blacks all over the Union, and the poor whites of the South,—to say nothing of the political disabilities, and moral degradation which the pro-Slavery character of the North inflicts upon herself—does not far outweigh every other evil under which any portion of the people, or the whole of them, suffer. Land-Monopoly we grant is a bad thing, and we wish with all our heart that it was done away with. We should be glad to vote ourself and everybody else a farm to-morrow, but we very much doubt whether some of the homesteads so gained would not change hands again the next day, and so land-monopoly would be again at once established in spite of all laws to the contrary. The question, it seems to us, is one needing rather a social than a civil revolution,—one belonging rather to man's relation to his neighbour, than to his Government. Government may determine and ordain that lands now belonging to it shall only be sold or given, to actual settlers in such quantities as will maintain the cultivator and his family, but before it can go beyond that, another question is to be settled and placed on a very different basis from that which now obtains—the question of the relation of Capital to Labour. In the present state of society with its thousands of varied and conflicting interests, land stands for capital, and Government can no more compel its equal division than it can that of dry-goods, or ships, or domestic animals, or anything else into which men put their money for purposes of trade or subsistence. Underneath them all lies the great question of the Organization of Labour, and the settlement of that alone will end the monopoly of land, as it will monopolies of every other sort. But the worst monopoly of all is the *monopoly of men*, and the abolition of that is involved in none of these difficulties. It is settled at once by the great principle, *that every man has a right to himself*, and every other man's first duty is to *let him alone*. Our work, as Abolitionists, is to do away with the first great wrong to men as such, and when the slave is placed upon the same footing with all other men, then let us work as we best can, and as way opens, for all men as members of society. First for *men*, and then for *man*. When we have established the labourer's right to his labour, it will be time enough to look after his right to land. When my neighbour has the first restored to him, he and I will see whether we can get the last. The man first, and the farm afterward. Such we take it is the true position of an Abolitionist, and such we had supposed to be that of Gerrit Smith. Such, indeed, we are inclined to believe is still his position, notwithstanding the paragraph we have quoted from his letter. Some one has been kind enough to send us a speech of his made in January last, at Syracuse. In that he says if the Land-question were rightly disposed of "Slavery would be well nigh, if not quite impossible." But he is careful also to say that "the man whose only grief is, that he is landless, is surely not to be pitied as much as the slave, who is robbed of every right, and subjected to every wrong." Nor do we find in this speech that he is at all disposed to put the Land-monopolist and the Man-monopolist in the same category. He evidently thinks the former a very harmless character in comparison with the latter. And he makes the distinction most apparent in his own life. Gerrit Smith giving away thousands of acres to the poor and friendless black man stands in a very different attitude before God and man than if he were conferring the men themselves, for their value in the human shambles, as a gift, even were it to Theological Seminaries. The character of the different acts is a good test of the comparative wrong of Slavery and Land-monopoly. And though we are very ready to accept the correction of Mr. Bradburn, and the more authoritative declaration of the Syracuse speech, we, nevertheless, marvel that with his own example before his eyes, Mr. Smith could for a moment, so far forget the slave in his abhorrence of Land-monopoly, as to give utterance to any sentiment which might be construed—as we think the passage we have quoted from his letter may—by those to whom it is addressed, as an excuse for their indifference or hostility to the Anti-Slavery cause.

ILLNESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.—The numerous friends of Mr. Phillips will regret to learn that he has been dangerously ill of the prevailing disease in New England—dysentery. He was hardly expected to recover for several days, but we rejoice to announce that the last intelligence from Boston is that he is out of danger.

NOMINATION OF HENRY CLAY.—A large and very enthusiastic meeting in this city last week nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. Should it be seconded by the discontented Whigs throughout the country, and accepted, or acquiesced in by Mr. Clay, it will make Taylor's chance a very poor one, and very much better Van Buren's.

The *Mobile Advertiser* publishes a letter from Millard Fillmore which it pronounces satisfactory to the Taylor men of the South. It expresses no opinion whatever upon the Free Soil question, but is careful to state that the writer is contented to let the slaveholders do as they please on the subject of Slavery.

☞ A large portion of the neighbouring city of Brooklyn was destroyed by fire on Saturday night last. Three hundred houses and other property amounting in value to $150,000 were burnt. Two or three lives were lost by accidents.

C. F. ADAMS ON V

pects; and several other articles of less general interest comprise the contnets of this number.

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW,—*September.—Coolidge & Wiley. Boston*:—The only article in this number that we have had time even to glance at is one upon the Constitutionality of Slavery, written, we understand, by Mr. W. I. Bowditch, of Boston. It demolishes successively and successfully every one of the "iron-linked" arguments that have ever been advanced on the other side of this question. Mr. Phillips, in the colums of this paper, had driven the advocates of the doctrine of the Unconstitutionality of Slavery to shelter themselves behind the absurd dogma that nothing is legal that is not right, and that Slavery never having been legal in England, could not have been so in the royal or chartered colonies. Mr. Bowditch, while he necessarily goes over much of the ground on which Mr. Phillips had preceeded him, takes up all the points which have been advanced in the recent articles in the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, and proves beyond all cavil that Slavery was both permitted by the Common Law of England and established by Statute Law in the Colonies. Thus undermining the foundation of his opponents, he proceeds to show clearly and unanswerably the fact and the character of the Compromises of the Constitution. The conclusion of the article is an eloquent statement of the position maintained by the American Society. We cannot conceive how any honest mind can avoid yielding up any foregone conclusions it may have come to on this subject, when following out the learned and logical analysis of Mr. Bowditch, or escape from his conclusion

The remaining articles of this number are the Philosophy of the Ancient Hebrews; a review of the Memoir of Dr. Channing, by his nephew, Wm. H. Channing; Principles of Zoology; with the usual short reviews and notices of New Books. We are glad to learn from a note of the editors that the success of the Review has been greater than they anticipated, and that the new volume commences under favourable auspices.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.—*September.—Boston*: *Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols.*—The contents of this number are—1. Amusements; 2. Zwingle and Luther; 3. Republic of Liberia; 4. Christianity and Socialism; 5. Common School Education; 6. Tendencies and Wants of Theology; 7. Vincent Bourne and Modern Latinists; 8. Memoirs of Channing; 9 Rev. O. W. B. Peabody; 10; Martineau's Eastern Life: Notices of New Publications and Intelligence.

The article on Liberia was written by the Rev. Joseph H. Cullen, of Washington, D. C. but unfortunately is not solely calculated for that meridian. The *Examiner* has doubtless some readers—their number, we trust, is few—so little informed upon this subject, or else so imbued with the vulgar and unchristian prejudices against their coloured countrymen, as to welcome the *ex parte* and even dishonest statements of Mr. Allen, as to the original purpose and the success of the Colonozation scheme. No man desirous of promulgating the truth will undertake to write upon any subject without first examining it on all sides, and in every light; and this this writer has not done, or else, which is still worse, he has suppressed, that he may serve a partizan purpose, much evidence which cannot be impugned, and other which has been. His own bias, however, is clearly seen in his reflections upon Slavery, and which sufficiently accounts for the character of the whole article.

Christianity and Socialism which we suppose from the initials to be by the Rev. Mr. Osgood, of Providence, contains many excellent thoughts, though not striking for their originality. The article is, however, in accordance with the usually liberal tone of the Examiner, but characterized by the vagueness of the popular thought on the great question of social reform. We look in vain in it for any satisfactory solution of the problem of man's true relation in society, and feel while reading it the want of something more definite than the conclusion the somewhat professional precepts of obedience to Christian principles. Precisely how that obedience is to be given is the question not answered.

Mr. Furness' review of the Memoir of Dr. Channing is a tribute to the memory of a great and good man worthy both of his subject and the writer. It is carefully just and discriminating at the same time that it glows with the warmth of personal friendship, and is reverent with the veneration felt for a teacher and prophet to his time. Several of the other articles are full of interest, and the number fully sustains the reputation of the Review.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent in bad company—Thanatopsis.—Euthanasia of the Third Party.—The flying Roll.—Labours of Committee not to report—The Report.—The game.—The gammon.—Mr. Mellen and the Habeas Corpus. Rev. Mr. Trask and the pair of Sheets.—Mr. Lovejoy loveth strife also.—His interposition and interrogatories.—The replies thereunto.—The Correspondent groaneth in spirit over the fraternal discords of brethren.—Leavitt and Lovejoy.—His comfort.—His Theory.—The Emancipator and the Little Hunchback.—He giveth good advice.—Good news for the Abolitionists.—The work to be taken from us.—A. S. Tontine.—The Provisional Government.—The Correspondent trembleth for the Common Weal.—The Free Soil Convention.—Mr. Park and Mr. Bolles.—Bygones.—The Convention at the Adams House.—In Faneuil Hall.—Humours of the Evening.—Mr. John Van Buren's Speech.—His cravat.—His tact.—Mr. S. C. Phillips's Speech.—Ex-Governor Morton's.—The Nominations.—Address and Resolutions.—Improvement and Conclusion, &c, &c., &c.*

BOSTON, Sept. 8, 1848.

Where *do* you think I went one day this week? You will never guess, so I'll even tell you. To A THIRD-PARTY CONVENTION! You may well stare and bless yourself; but the fact is as I say. It was the first one I ever attended; and I should not have been at this, had it not been absolutely certain that it would be the last that I ever could go to. Having grown up with an instinctive horror of bad company, and having been early taught to avoid the very appearance of evil, I never adventured into any assembly of theirs, lest, peradventure, I might be suspected by some one who knew me not, of having joined myself unto it. But you know that it is not only safe, but edifying, to attend upon the death-bed of the worst of sinners, and that holy men have sometimes gone away refreshed from the execution of the greatest of criminals. It was with this view of the case that I boldly took my place by its side, when I heard that it was in the article of death, on the point of closing its ill-conditioned and ricketty existence, that I might witness its last sigh, and have ocular evidence that it had indeed given up the ghost.

It made a joyful ending. "It made a fine end," like Falstaff, "and went away an it had been any Chrysom child." It had been long hungering and thirsting after death, and now it had of the desire of its eyes and was satisfied. It died, as our Methodist friends say at camp-meeting, "*shouting happy!*" Its last moments were somewhat on this wise. After the temporary organization of the Convention, and an invitation from the Rev. Mr. King to the Almighty "to preside over its deliberations," the Hon. William Jackson was appointed President and a Committee of Business raised. This committee retired to the Gallery, and the Convention amused itself with discussing the question as to whether they should have a Roll or not. Rev. Mr. King and a Mr. Washburn opposed having one, because they thought a little indefiniteness would give a sublimer air to the Report of the Meeting. Mr. King proposed that it should say that "the Great Melodeon was full, and to let it go at that." The body of the house was about two-thirds full. The Roll, however was taken, at last, after much discussion; the Business Committee remaining all the while in the gallery, apparently industriously endeavoring *not* to report.

At length, however, it descended from its airy height and made its report. It was a good deal past eleven, and the Free Soil Convention was to meet at twelve. The Chairman of the Committee stated that the Resolutions were in the handwriting of Mr. Leavitt, which "none but he could read," and so by him they were read. Being written by him, they must have been ready beforehand, and there seemed to be no very distinct reason why they should not have been brought forward at once, to have allowed time for their discussion. But, although the Convention was assembled, by the terms of the call, to consider whether or not the Third Party would unite with the Free Soilers, it was assumed by all the speakers that there was no *not* in the case, and that they were all of one mind in the premises. It was very obvious that the game was to leave no time for the opposition, if any, to develope itself. But the game could not be played out. First, Mr. Mellen objected to the resolution affirming that the Buffalo Platform and that of the Liberty Party were identical, and moved to substitute his *Habeas Corpus* doctrine; but he was ruthlessly cut short in the midst of his speech by a motion to lay his amendment on the table, which the President *somewhat* irregularly, allowed to be made and put while Mr. M. was on his legs. A melancholy contrast to the impartiality of Chairmen in *our* Meetings! Then the Rev. Mr. Trask compared the new party to the sheet which Peter saw let down from Heaven in which there were all kind of wild beasts and *creeping things*, and seemed to consider this state of things as the fulfilment. But there is this distinction between the sheets seen let down in vision by the ancient and the modern prophet, that in the one there was nothing *common or unclean*, which is a good deal more than can be said of the other.

But at last the pinch of the game came on. Mr. Lovejoy arose and said that this was the most important moment in the history of the Liberty Party—which was to pass it into other hands. (A voice, "Better ones, I hope!" To which aspiration there was at least one Amen!) Though against his own preferences he would go for Mr. Van Buren if satisfied that he was fairly nominated and Mr. Hale fairly set aside. He wished to know whether it were true that there was a bargain that if the Liberty Men made the Platform, the Barnburners should have the nominations? He had heard so. (Name! Name!) Messrs. James G. Carter and W. F. Channing. (Sensation.) If this be true, he would not go for Mr. V. B. It was said prominent Liberty men were electioneering for Van Buren. [Names! Names!] Messrs. Chase, Stanton, Tracy, &c. Was the Liberty Party bought and sold? Was there any authority for the withdrawal of Mr. Hale? Unless these things were cleared up, he could not support the Buffalo nomination.

There was a good deal of impatience and vexation evinced at this interruption, of the *Euthanasia* of the Party; but it had to be met. Dr. Swan denied any knowledge of the imputed bargain, and said that the withdrawal of Mr. Hale was authorized by a letter from him. Mr. Lovejoy. "Where is that letter?" Mr. Leavitt. "IN MY POCKET!" Mr. Lovejoy called for the reading. Mr. Leavitt desired to know why. Mr. Lovejoy pleaded usage, and the necessity of knowing the authority for the withdrawing of Mr. Hale. Then Mr. Leavitt stated that Mr. Hale had written a private letter to Mr. Stanton, saying that he should write a formal letter to the Convention, placing himself in the hands of his friends. That such a letter was written and confided to Mr. Giddings, who lost it on his way with his luggage. That the private letter was read to show the purport of the public one. And he would now proceed to read it in full, only requesting that no publicity might be given to the private portion. Mr. Channing objected on the ground that phonography made such a request idle. Others objected that they had no right to draw out Mr. H's private letters. Mr. Leavitt, however, saying that the letter was not in the hands of the Convention, but in his, proceeded to read extracts from it, which seemed to be satisfactory, and were received with great applause. Some further conversation ensued, from which I gathered that Mr. Lovejoy was not satisfied, but he made no specific opposition. An unfortunate orator, whose name I did not catch, said that though he believed the Liberty Party was sold [hisses] he would go for Van Buren. "But it was not sold for *a lie!*" [Hisses.] "It was *a lie* that the Buffalo Convention had adopted the Liberty Platform." [Renewed hisses.] He moved a substitute, which was knocked on the head summarily, and the resolutions passed by acclamation. Only one or two convulsive *noes* showed that the instinct of life cannot be wholly quenched even in the most triumphant death.

My righteous soul could not but be grieved by the too obvious disagreement between brethren Leavitt and Lovejoy. Something untoward hath occurred to disturb the Rest of these Saints. Perfection, I fear it is too true, is not to be found below. All the consolation I can draw from so painful a circumstance is, that if old proverbs do not lie, there is a chance of honest men coming by their own again. I cannot but think that it is that plaguy Emancipator that is at the bottom of it. That confounded thing has been as perplexing an appendage, as ever the Little Hunchback was, in the Arabian Nights. First, after the Old Committee at New York had knocked it on the head, they clapped it down at the door of their Young Men's Society. They very soon passed it over to Mr. Leavitt. He brings it on to Boston and pops it down at the back door of the Massachusetts Abolition Society. That Society having long since vanished the Lord knows where, it is found on Mr. Lovejoy's premises. Mr. Leavitt having dexterously slipped out of the way, and washed his hands of it. There is but one more transition for it to make, and that is into the Office of the Republican. The party being gone, the organ must soon go too. And I apprehend that Mr. Leavitt's agency in building up the party which is to be the death of Mr. Lovejoy's paper is what will account for this lamentable discrepancy between them. But I would forewarn my excellent friend Henry Wilson, the new proprietor of the Republican, that if he should purchase, or accept of, the paper of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from anybody but us, its rightful owners, to be specially careful not to quarter its arms or assume its name, or he will never hear the end of it, as long as he lives.

But you will be delighted to hear that we are, at last, to be relieved of our labours. The burden which the American Society and its branches have borne so long, is now to be taken from our shoulders. One of the resolutions, which was expounded by George Minot, Esq., erected the State Central Committee into a Provisional Anti-Slavery Government, for the management of the Moral Movement. The new party, said Mr. M., in effect, is mighty well in its way. But who is to keep up the Anti-Slavery feeling in the land? What created the Liberty party? The Old Abolition Societies. It is not thought possible, if desirable, to revive them, but this *Gouvernement Provisoire* is to take their place. We could tell Mr. M. that the Anti-Slavery Societies which the Liberty party was created to destroy, and whose vitality alone has kept it alive to this day, were never in a more flonrishing condition than now. But we shall look to see our agitation extinguished and quenched in the more burning zeal of the Provisional Committee. My only anxiety is, there being no provision for its renewal, that it will make a sort of Tontine of the Anti Slavery Enterprize, enuring to the spiritual benefit of the survivor. Or, else, that it will be perpetuated as a close corporation, which, in view of its unbounded energy and resources, may grow to be dangerous to the body politic. You remember our prudent fathers regarded the establishment of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company with a wise jealousy, "being warned by the example of the Janœzaries of Turkey and of the Pritorian Bands of Rome."

The Last Words and Dying Speech of poor old Third party have taken up so much room that I have but little space left to deseribe the Free Soil Convention, which met on the same day at 12 o'clock, in the Tremont Temple. It was as successful as the best friends of the young Party could desire. I presume it was by far the largest political Convention, meeting merely for business, that ever came together in the State. The large Temple which seats about 3,000 persons, was nearly filled with delegates. The most perfect unanimity and harmony prevailed. The Hon. Edward L. Keyes called the Convention to order, and welcomed them to "the joys and labours of freemen," in a short and telling speech, after which it was permanently organized by the appointment of the Hon. John Mills, formerly United States District Attorney, a Barn-burning Democrat, as President, and of the usual allowance of Vices and Secretaries. In the afternoon while the Committees were arranging business, the Hon. John C. Park was called upon to address the Convention, which he did with much spirit and effect.—The appearance of this gentleman on that platform was to me like that of Saul among the Prophets; since the last I remembered of him was as the strenuous opposer of the Repeal of the Marriage Law and other efforts for the equality of rights of our coloured citizens, in the House and Senate of this State. John A. Bolles, Esq., a Barnburner, Secretary of State in Governor Morton's time, and celebrated by Birdofredom Sawin for his presentation of the sword to "Leftenant Cunnle Wright," in Faneuil Hall, before that hero's march to Mexico, also spoke very well. So you may imagine what a curious political and moral *olla podrida* was served up to us spectators.

At the time of the adjournment in the afternoon it was announced that John Van Buren had arrived and was at the Adams House. A general cry then arose, "to the Adams House!" and the body of the Convention proceeded to the front of that Hotel, and by dint of cheering, extracted first one of the drawing-room windows, to make way for him, and then a short speech from him.—In the evening Faneuil Hall was crammed to its utmost capacity and beyond it. I never saw such an audience under any roof. There was some confusion at first in consequence of the tardiness of the Committee who had Mr. Van Buren in charge. The audience amused themselves with giving cheers for a multitude of popular names, such as Van Buren, Adams, Palfrey, Hale, Giddings, Phillips, Sumner, Allen, &c.; and groans and hisses for Taylor, Clay, Cushing, Cass, the Atlas, &c. A temporary organization was made and Anson G. Burlingame, Esq., made a capital speech from the gallery which passed away the time till Mr. Van Buren and his staff were seen surging through the sea of upturned faces. It seemed impossible that they could make their way through it. But they did, and Mr. Van Buren soon took the platform and was received with deafening cheers. He soon got the ear of his audience and kept it to the end. There were temporary ebullitions as there always will be in a great meeting, but he had the mastery throughout.

I shall say nothing of his speech, as you have already read it, except that it fairly satisfied the expectations his reputation as a popular orator had excited. His management of his audience was most adroit. At the beginning of his speech as the heat was very great, he deliberately took off his cravat and laid it on the table, which seemed to give the most intense satisfaction, and put him on intimate terms with everybody at once. At one point, some blackguards near the door interrupted him with three cheers for "Old Zack." "Now, my friends," said he, "now you have given three cheers for Old Zack, you have done the chief business of a Taylor meeting, and are ready to adjourn." The speech was altogether most successful. He was followed by the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips in a stirring and fervid speech. Then there was a general roar for Governor Morton, who resisted as long as he could, but the sovereign *Demus* was inexorable, and he appeared amid the most tumultuous and protracted cheering. He promised to take a speedy opportunity to make known his opinions fully, at whatever cost to himself; but he gave his entire assent to all that had been said and placed himself on the Buffalo platform fully. His position was an interesting one, as it was almost certain that it was putting his head under the knife of the political guillotine. The people did not seem to have had enough, and it was with some difficulty that they could be brought to adjourn.

The main business of the Convention was done on Thursday morning, in the nomination of candidates and the adoption of Addresses and Resolutions. I will say nothing of these, except that the Address was written by Mr. Palfrey, as I suppose you will lay them before your readers. They lay out the ground for action as far as any can be had under the Constitution. This is a necessary step in the course of events. People will not believe that nothing effectual can be done under a pro-Slavery Constitution, for the removal of Slavery, till they have tried. We can only do our best to show them this impossibility and to try to induce them to adopt the only practical political movement, one for THE POLITICAL SEPARATION OF THE FREE FROM THE SLAVEHOLDING STATES, unless made unnecessary by the Abolition of Slavery. The Temple was entirely full during the morning, and the nominations and resolutions received with clamourous enthusiasm. A really good spirit and a genuine earnestness seemed to prevail, and the Convention adjourned in the sanguine hope of success. Which I wish them whether I expect it or not.

D. Y.

NEW MILLS 9 mo. 7th 1848.

FRIEND GAY:—The time has nearly expired for which I have paid for the Standard. Enclosed are $2, 00 for the ensuing year.

Allow me, as one interested in the Anti-Slavery reform, to give to Young Men a few points on the subject, through the columns of the Standard; provided, that they do not take the place of more useful matter.

I want to see more Anti-Slavery among Young Men I do not care for the show it is the principle, the only valuable post, the essence of Anti-Slavery, that is needed. This is not often enough found among them, nor often enough in its purity. Few, in *this* port of New-England, at least, have the *courage* to acknowledge themselves to be *pro-Slavery*. *Cowardice* might have done as much for them a few years ago, but not now. No, They are Anti-Slavery! But when and to what purpose. Some are Anti-Slavery, when Anti-Slavery holds a Pic-Nic, some at a convention, if the right man be speaking, others when Rev.———,thinks proper, and a few more perhaps when the Hutchinsons are near. Well, that is something. It is evidence that progress has been made; possibly they are sincere. I know some whom I believe to be quite sincere in just such Anti-Slavery as this. But what is it good for? What is there of it? The great obstacle in the way here, I think, is not so much a want of Anti-Slavery feeling in young men as the back of a foundation for the principle to rest upon. A great proportion of young men, from fifteen years of age to twenty-five, don't think it worth while *to be anything*, a few having the uncommon ambition go to college, get learned and are lost. A greater proportion by far, pass away their time in frivilous sports pursuing countless nothings to their death well pleased perhaps to win such game. What place is there in the hearts of these for Anti-Slavery principle? What ground for it to rest on? *Men* must be not made of these shadows, or the truths thrown among them can but drop in the shade, when Young Men learn *to be Young Men* there will be hope for the Slave, and the Nation.

I would say to the youths who read the Standard, you can be useful, the humblest of you in a course like this, in any good cause, provided that inclination and perseverence be not wanting. There is enough to be done enough that you can do in the cause of Liberty without wasting any of your time or energies. Freedom has not enough supporters; so long as one individual holds back, whether young, or old, male or female. The principle of Human Liberty is a part of truth itself, and can reach no stopping place until it is everywhere prevalent. You can spread true principles by being true yourselves. It is not necessary for that purpose to be great. It is not necessary perhaps that there should be any more Clays, Calhouns, or Websters. Neither Humanity or religion give thanks for those we now have, for the "great," ones, I mean. Ceasars, Napoleons, and their imitators are worse than no men. Humanity wants sober, conscientious, faithful men. Just such men you can become if you will; and because you can, it is your duty. It is a beautiful provision which the Almighty Ruler has made, that while but few men can be *great* all may be *good*. You, and I and all of us, may be *true*, and therefore *useful*.

But we must have principles of our own inbred principles, such as make no compromise with error, for any seeming good however great. It is no part of our business to look after consequences. They are beyond our control. We must do rightly, because *it is right*, be Anti-Slavery because it is *right* to be so and for no other reason whatever.

JUNIOR.

Letter from Samuel Brooke.

DEAR GAY:—In publishing the proceedings of the Western Anti-Slavery Society you copied the following statement which was appended to the proceedings as a note of explanation:

"The Committee on Finance very strangely neglected to report the amount of their collections to the meeting; I learn however from other sources that they took in cash and pledges about $160,00, which added to a collection taken up at an informal meeting held on the morning of the 18th instant, swell the total to $450,00 not enough to pay off the present depts of the Society.—*Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

This statement was made under a misapprehension of the facts of the case and I wish to make the correction.

As chairman of the Committee on finance I did make a report to the Convention at the Morning Session of the last days meeting. The Secretary made a minute of the amount reported, but omitted it in copying the record.

The aggregate amount reported, at that time was about six hundred dollars ($600) in cash and pledges, and in making the report, I stated that it fell short of paying the debts of the Society, about two hundred dollars, and giving that as a reason why the subscription should be increased I asked the members of the Comittee to make a further effort.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

Foreign Intelligence.

SIX DAYS LATER

FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Hibernia.

The Hibernia arrived at Boston on Friday last, with six days' later news.

The most important intelligence by her, if true, is the report of a Revolution in Russia. It is said to have broken out simultaneously at St. Petersburg and Warsaw, and that a Provisional Government has been established in the former city, and that the Emperor had fled to Cronstadt. The whole story, however, is doubted in England, as not resting upon sufficient authority.

The State Trials in Ireland are progressing. John Martin, proprietor of the *Felon*, has been found guilty, and sentenced to 10 years' transportation. A few more convictions of his associates and we shall have heard the last of the Irish rebellion. A more real event is beginning to attract attention—namely, Irish Starvation. There is little hope of saving the potatoe crop.

General Cavaignac has openly announced his policy in relation to European affairs to be peaceful. Some uneasiness prevails in Paris, from the apprehension of another outbreak. The report of the Committee on the Insurrections has been published, and clearly proves, it is said, the complicity of Louis Blanc, Caussidere, and Ledru Rollin. Lamartine's name is also in the list of the accused.

The Austrians had withdrawn from before Bologna, which is in an admirable state of defence. On the reception of the news at Venice of the capitulation of Milan, the royal Commissioners were compelled to resign, the Republic was proclaimed, and Manin declared dictator. Charles Albert's proclamations announce his determination to prosecute the war with vigour.

A frightful disaster has occurred in the English channel an account of which we copy:—

DESTRUCTION OF THE PACKET SHIP OCEAN MONARCH BY FIRE.

The *Ocean Monarch*, Capt. Murdoch, left Liverpool on the 24th, with 360 steerage passengers, 6 cabin, 22 second cabin, and, with her crew, had on board 398 passengers. She had not proceeded far, however, before the utmost consternation was produced by an announcement that the ship was on fire; and scarcely had the alarm been given, when she was in a complete blaze.

The scene which followed may be more easily conceived than described. The passengers became frantic with despair, and numbers at once plunged into the ocean, to escape the more awful death which apparently awaited them. Husbands were severed from their wives and wives from their husbands, and children from their parents.

The Captain fearing that all control over the poor creatures was lost, and that the fire was making rapid progress, ordered both anchors to be lowered, in the hope of bringing the vessel's head to the wind. In act of lowering the anchors many of the unfortunate passengers were dragged into the ocean, they having seated themselves on the chain cables, and were thus launched into eternity. At the time the fire was discovered the vessel was about eight miles to the eastward of the Great Orms Head, and several vessels were in sight.

A signal of distress was at once hoisted, which was immediately answered by the Yatch belonging to Thos. Littledale, and which was about six miles distant. Mr. Littledale was himself on board, and at once bore down to render what assistance was in his power. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and had the yacht ventured alongside it would have been total destruction to all on board. A boat was, however immediately provided and proceeded to the ship for the purpose of rescuing some of the unfortunate passengers. The scene which presented itself to Mr. L. on nearing the vessel was most apalling.

That gentleman truly describes it as awful and such as he hopes never to witness again. The flames were burning with intense fury from the stern and centre of the vessel. So great was the heat in these parts that the passengers, male and female—men, women and children—crowded to the fore port of the vessel. Their piercing, heart-rending shrieks for aid were carried across the blue waters. In their maddened despair woman jumped overboard with their offspring in their arms and sunk to rise no more; men followed their wives in frenzy and were lost. Groups of men women and children also precipitated themselves into the water in the vain hope of self preservation, but the waters closed over many of them forever.

No pen can describe this awful scene. The flames continued to rage with increased fury. In a few minutes the mizen mast went overboard; in a few minutes more, the mainmast shared the same fate. There yet remained the foremast.—As the fire was making its way to the fore part of the vessel, the passengers and crew of course crowded still farther forward. To the jib-boom they clung in clusters as thick as they could pack, even one lying over the other. At length the fore mast went overboard, snapping the fastenings of the jib-boom, which with its load of human beings dropped into the water, amidst the most heart-rending screams, both of those on board and those who were falling into the water.

Some of the poor creatures were enabled again to reach the vessel, others floated away on spars but many met with a watery grave.

In about an hour and a half after the yatch reached the vessel the Brazilian Steam Frigate Alphonse came up. She anchored immediately to windward and close to the burning vessel. She got a rope made fast to the Ocean Monarch and by the use of the said rope her boats were enabled to go backwards and forwards to the burning vessel with great facility and by this means a large number of persons were saved.

The Prince of Wales steamer which was on her passage to Bangor came up shortly afterwards and with the New World Packet Ship bound for New-York, sent boats to the rescue of the passengers, and were the means of saving a large number.

The Brazilian Frigate *Alfonzo* was out on a pleasure excursion. She was commanded by the Marquis d'Lisboa. There was also on board the Prince de Joinville, his lady and suite, the Duke and Dutchess D'Aumale, the Brazilian Minister, the Chevalier D'Lisboa, Admiral Grenfell and daughters, and other distinguished individuals. When the Alfonzo discovered the *Ocean Monarch*, no time was lost in bearing down to her, and it was intended to anchor right under their bow, but the wind changed a little and prevented this being accomplished; four boats were, however, at once lowered, and were soon followed by the large paddle box boat.

The Marquis d'Lisboa jumped into one and Admiral Grendell into the other, and were untiring in their exertions to save the poor people. The Prince de Joinville was particularly assiduous in assisting the passengers on board the Frigate. Of those on board the Ocean Monarch, 32 were saved by the *Queen of the Ocean*, 160 by the *Alfonzo*, 16 by a fishing smack, and 17 by the *Prince of Wales*, being a total of 225 saved, leaving 153 to be still accounted for.

A subscription has been set on foot for the relief of the sufferers. Messrs. Brown, Brothers & Co., the agents for the ship have subscribed £50. Messrs Harnden & Co., £50. Messrs Brown, Shipley & Co., £30. Other parties have given from £1 to 20*l.* each. Prince de Joinville and party have also left a handsome some in aid of the fund.

Those persons who choose to proceed out by the Hope on the 28th instant, or by the Sun Beam on the 3d proximo, will be sent out by Messrs. Harnden by either of those vessels. Great numbers of the saved, however, have been so terrified by what they endured, by what they suffered, that they yesterday called at the office for the passage money they had paid, which was promptly refunded them.

The "New World" was in the neighbourhood; she sent her boats, and was the means of saving a great number. A noble fellow, a seaman belonging to the "New World," went to the wreck when there was little hope of saving any more, and stuck to the hulk of the vessel till every soul had left her.

It is said this praiseworthy individual, by his own hands, lowered one hundred persons to the boats below, of whom a great portion were women and children. The stewardess of the Ocean Monarch lost her life in courageously attempting to get the powder out of the cabin. There were about 25 pounds weight on board, and when she went below to get it, it is supposed she was suffocated.

The *London Times*, of the 26th says, in relation to the loss, "it is questionable, however, if the possibility of salvation must not have added to the bitterness of the pangs endured by the sufferers on board the O. M. during the short space of time left them for feeling or thought.

The cottages on the Welsh coast were so near that they could see men gazing upon their calamity from their own doors. The sea was studded as it always is, at the mouth of the Mersey with boats and shipping. Above all, they could perceive the smoke issuing from the funnels of the steamers Orion and Cambria, which were coming up the channel for Liverpool. The account given by the masters of these vessels on their arrival at that port is so circumstantial as to leave no doubt of their proximity to the awful tragedy that was in course of action on board the *Ocean Monarch*.

The Masters reported they saw flames issuing from the the after part, and smoke from the fore part of the vessel. They saw that she was rendered unmanageable, and supposed that her steering apparatus was destroyed. They saw also the foretopmast go by the board. The masters of these vessels, however, when they perceived a Brazilian steam frigate lying near, quietly concluded they could be of no assistance, and, having a considerable number of passengers on board, decided on continuing their course. It is to be hoped they saved their time at Liverpool, and met with the approbation of their employers.

When we find it recorded that by the exertions of Mr. Littledale and the crew of his little yacht no less than 32 passengers were saved—that by a fishing boat 16 more were preserved—and that above all, 160 human beings were rescued from an appalling death by the intrepidity and humanity of the Marquis d'Lisboa, Capt. Grenfell, and the Prince de Joinville, we cannot but think that had the Orion and the Cambria done their duty, we should not have to lament over the untimely and terrible destruction of 150 of the unfortunate passengers on board the Ocean Monarch.

We grieve that the circumstances of the case compel us to place the conduct of our own countrymen in unfavourable juxta position with the humanity and courage of the crew of the Alfonso."

Died.

In New Bedford, Aug. 2, MRS. ELIZA OTIS WILLIAMS, Wife of the Hon. John M. Williams, of Boston, in the 69th year of her age.

In Boston, Aug. 30th, at the residence of his daughter, Mr. SIMON WILLARD, in the 96th year of his age. Mr. Willard was born at Gratton in this State, on the 3rd of April, 1753. During his life-time, several ingenious contrivances for improving Clock Machinery have been invented by him; and Willard's Patent Time Piece, at the present day, is considered by all to be the very acme of perfection for time-keeping. He also invented the Machinery for the Revolving Lights for Light Houses, which still continue to be used throughout our vast extended sea-coast. When 83 years of age, Mr. Willard made with his own hands, the large Clock for the Capitol at Washington, and went on and put it up himself.

At St. Louis (Mo.;) on the 29th ulto. Lieut. GEORGE F. RUXTON, aged 38 of the British army; author of "Adventures in Mexico, and the Rocky Mountains" and "Life in the Far West," in the recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

AKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Aug. 14, to Sept. 12, 1848.

476	John White, Westminster, Ms.	$2 00
454	Wm. H. Bradford, Chiltonville,	1 00
432	Wm. Griffith, New Garden O.	2 00
472	C. A. Wheelock, Uxbridge, Ms.	2 00
471	S. A. Allen, Boston,	1 00
471	Stephen Barker, Methurn,	1 00
438	S. Hammond, Marlboro,	1 00
470	Isaac Winslow, Boston,	2 00
483	O. B. Fisher, E. Hamburg, N. Y.	2 00
472	John Lundy, Sycamore, O.	1 00
436	Wm. Revels, Jamaica, N. Y.	2 00
428	Charles Hill, Black Rock,	2 00
504	John Mann, Morristown, N. J.	2 00
487	N. Hallock, Milton, N. Y.	0 00
480	Henry Titus, Jerusalem, So. L. I.	1 00
454	George Doughty, Jamaica,	1 00
442	J. Lisk, Waterloo, N. Y.	1 00
469	John Woodcock, Leicester, Ms.	2 00
450	Joseph Halstead, Vienna, N. Y.	1 50
450	G. W. Covill, " "	0 50
483	Richard Peabody, Waterford, Vt.	2 00
508	David Ruggles, Northampton, Ms.	2 00
482	E. H. Payson, Salem,	2 00
482	E. M. Chipman, "	2 00
482	A. & D. Lord "	2 00
482	Thomas Drew, "	2 00
482	Josiah Hayward, "	2 00
482	J. B. Pierce, "	2 00
485	J. W. Towner, Buffalo, N. Y.	1 00
486	Nathan Page Jr. Danovers Ms.	2 00
469	Miss Stetson, Charleston,	2 00
416	John S. Jacobs, Boston,	1 00
459	J. V. Paling, New York.	5 10
		$51 50

DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.

John M. Fiske, W. Brookfield, Mass. $20

Total $71 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treas.

☞ NOTICE.—By the post-office law now in force, publishers of newspapers are permitted to send, in their papers to subscribers, bills *unreceipted;* but a *receipted* bill subjects the receiver to letter postage. Our subscribers, therefore, will find a bill, unreceipted of course, in their papers at the expiration of the time to which they have laid. The amount received for subscription is acknowledged above, and the *whole number* of the paper to which the subscriber has paid precedes his name.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: A Death Scene, John Littlejohn; Times go by Turns; Ah! Sunflower. *Miscellany*: The Ugly Duckling; Extracts from Serjeant Talfourd's Final Memoirs of Charles Lamb; Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*: Mr. Webster's Speech; Letter of Jacob Barker; &c. &c.

Notices.

MEETINGS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

Adin Ballou and E. D. Hudson will attend the Anti-Slavery Pic Nic at West Winfield on the 6th and 7th of Sept. and after hold meetings as follows:

LITCHFIELD, *Friday, Sept. 8th at 1 and 6 o'clock P. M.*
Trenton, Saturday 9th at 6 P. M.
" Sunday, 10th at 10 A. M. and at 1 and 6 P. M.
Norway, Herk. co. on Monday 11th at 1 and 6 P. M.
Fairfield Tuesday 12th 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.
Little Falls Wednesday 13th.
Newville Thursday, 14th at 10 A. M. and 1 and 6 P. M.
NEWVILLE, *Sept. 12th at 2 and 6 o'clock P. m.*

The friends in each of these localities are expected to engage places of meeting and give the necessary notices to secure the attendance of the people.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR OF 1848.

Demands of all the friends of the slave in this region, prompt and vigorous efforts in its preparation. We know some of them, both in town and country, have long been busily at work in its behalf. So well is it understood and felt, that the Fair belongs to Pennsylvania Abolitionists generally, that our Annual summons to the work seems scarcely needed, and almost a form. But we issue it a word of remembrance to the interested, and to arouse the lethargic—and to announce—at this important crisis—to an increasingly sympathizing community, an opportunity to labour for the cause. We invite the co-operation of every heart that loves the slave, and would prove its love by its deeds.

To our numerous fellow-labourers in city and country it cannot be unnecessary to speak on the subject of the best manner of preparing for the Fair. In such preparation they are well skilled. To those to whom the work may be new we say, all pretty or marketable commodities will be valuable.

To *all* we say, make the slave's cause your own, if possible, and give liberally as God hath given you.

SARAH PUGH,	ESTHER RECKLESS.
A. MATILDA CASSEY,	MARIA M. DAVIS,
ANNA M. HOPPER.	ELIZABETH GAY,
JANETTE JACKSON,	HANNAH W. HAYDOCK.
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,	ELIZABETH DAVIS,
MARY GREW.	EMMA PARKER,
MARGARET JONES,	GERTRUDE K. BURLEIGH,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	EMILY A. WINSLOW.
MARY T. STICKNEY,	CLEMENTINE G. RUBY,
SARAH A. T. MC KIM.	MARTHA CARMIN.
THERIA H. HALLOWELL.	SARAH T. CHILD.
HULDA JUSTICE.	ANNA M. CHILD.
ELIZABETH CARMAN.	MARY SHAW.
HARRIET D. PURVIS.	MARGARET FORTEN.
PRISCILLA LUKENS.	ESTHER HOGELAND.
SARAH M. DOUGLASS.	ESTHER BURR.

ELIZABETH CLENDENEN,
Committee of Arrangements.

FIFTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The undersigned, earnestly desiring the abolition of Slavery have been led, by the strength of their wish, carefully to consider what means may be found sufficient for the accomplishment of this great and holy object. They find that Slavery exists through the selfishness, the ignorance, the cowardice, the hypocrisy of the people. If the nation could be made more conscientious, disinterested, courageous, enlightened, and true to its own political and religious principles, the work were done. Until enough nobility of spirit can be awakened in the land to make the clergyman, the farmer, the lawyer, the mechanic, the merchant and the politician, willing to renounce their hopes of worldly success, and see their respective careers of individual advancement closed up, apparently forever, by their allegiance to Freedom;—to make the women of the land feel themselves disgraced by their indifference to such a cause as this;—to make the Christians and citizens of the land willing to bear the suffering and odium consequent upon an adherence to the right against law and custom:—until this can be accomplished,

Poetry.

A DEATH-SCENE.

BY CERREK BELL.

O Day! he cannot die.
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining;

He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

Edward, awake, awake,
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

Beside thee, on my knee
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,
Would'st yet one hour delay.

I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high,
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond:
Turn back from that tempestuous surge,
To thy own native land.

It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again:
I cannot let thee rest!

One long look, that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear—
One irate look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer.

And, with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction passed away:
Not a sigh of further grieving
Stirred my soul that awful day.

Pale, at length, the sweet sun setting
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze:
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

So I knew that he was dying—
Stooped, and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing.
So I knew that he was dead!

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

John Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and said his say:
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in two and two.
When foolish arguers might and main,
Darkened and twisted the light and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach;
And crushing their logic, and with a frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine in the world's despite:
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learnt by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise tried,
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John with an angry frown,
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and swore with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that events would justify
A false and crooked policy
That a deceit hope of future good
Might excuse a departure from rectitude,
That a lie of white was of small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sign and frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told from the pulpit or the press,
That heaven was a place of exclusiveness,
That none but those would enter there,
Who knelt with the "orthodox" at prayer,
And held all virtues out of their pale
As idle words of no avail,
John's face grew dark, as he swore with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretence of any kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim with a frown,
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

—*Charles Mackay*

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow:
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

AH! SUNFLOWER.

Ah Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

[*Blake's Songs of Experience.*

Miscellany.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever. But the translation we now offer to our readers, has not merely a certain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zona Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England. This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakspeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorised his own career.—Eds. Chambers' Journal.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer, the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest; she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors; the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quacking with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, all the yolks were alive, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, "Peep, peep!" "Quack, quack!" said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green colour is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Oh no, it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here," said she, as she rose from her nest. "Ah no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!" and the poor duck lay down again.

"How do you do?" said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"One of my eggs will not hatch," answered she; "but pray look at my others; are not they the loveliest ducks you ever saw? They are the very image of their father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit."

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the visitor; "surely it is the egg of a turkey! I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones were very troublesome to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the *water*.—Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim."

"I will try it yet a little longer," said the poor duck.

"Do as you like," replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. "Peep, peep!" said the young one when he came out; but oh, how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

"What a wonderful large creature!" said she; "none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but *that* will soon be settled, for he *shall* go on the *water*, even if I push him in myself."

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. "Quack, quack!" said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were *all* there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

"No, it is no turkey," said she. See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats."

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an eel's head, which at length the cat seized.

"Such is the world," said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the eel's head. "Now make haste; come and curtsey to the old duck there, she is the grandee of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins: and see, she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honour a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother; now curtsey to her, and say "quack!"

And they did so as well as they could; but the other ducks around said aloud, "What! are we to have *them* also here, as if we were not enough without them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer HIM to be among us;" and so a duck ran and bit him in his neck.

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he does no harm."

"No: but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd;" said the duck that bit him.

"Your children are very pretty, my good woman," said the old duck, with the red rag round her leg; "very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled."

"That is impossible, your ladyship," replied the duck. "He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world."

"Your other ducklings are charming," said the Spanish duck. "Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me."

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, "He is such a huge ugly creature;" and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the poultry-yard.

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and said often, "Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!" and even his mother said, "Would that thou wert far hence!" And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "Ah, it is because I am so ugly!" thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. "What sort of a creature art thou?" said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence.—"Thou art very ugly," said the wild geese; "but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family." Poor creature! he did not think of marrying, if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

"Bang! bang!" two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. "Bang! bang!" whole troops of wild geese flew up, and then the report was again heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water: the dogs searched the fens.—What a season of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and slunk off. "Thank Heaven," thought the duckling, "that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me;" and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds.

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked round, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over the fields and meadows; and the wind blew so high, he could hardly go on, about nightfall he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind blew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and hen—the cat could catch mice, mew and purr; and the hen laid good eggs, and the old women loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling: when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman.—"What is the matter?" said she; but soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought that it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. "What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs! Ah I hope it is no drake: that we shall soon see."

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs.—And the duckling found the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always, said, "We and the world!" and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

"Can you lay eggs asked she?"

"No," replied the poor duckling.

"Then hold your tongue."

And the cat would say—"Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?"

"No."

"Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking."

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length his desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

"What an idea!" said she. "You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim upon the water," said the duckling; "so delightful to bathe in it, to plunge one's head under it."

"Delightful indeed!" answerd the hen. "You have lost your wits to a certainty; ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wiser than her there is none in the world), if she would like to swim in the water indeed or dive under it."

"Alas! you do not understand me," said the poor duckling.

"But if we cannot understand thee, who can?—Do you think yourself wiser than the cat or the old woman, even than me? Thank heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse with such: you may rely upon me that I wish you well: for I tell you all these unpleasant things; and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay eggs or catch mice."

"I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Pray do," answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn, the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then hurled them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzling white, with long slender necks: it was a troop of swans. They spread their large, glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds, he knew not their name, nor whither they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before: he did not envy them; how could he think of being like them, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them.

Winter came and with it the piercing cold of the north: the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heavens! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long long winter. When the snow melted he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-winding river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognized the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. "I will fly to them, the kingly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I who am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter;" and he swam toward the beautiful swans: they saw him, and approached. "Kill me," said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waves? His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despised—he was *himself* a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.) He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new swan!" and the other children repeated joyfully, "Yes, there is a new one!" and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, "The *new* swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!" and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt *too* happy, but not *proud*: for a *kind* heart never becomes *proud*. He felt how despised he had been, and now he heard himself praised as the fairest of those fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, "I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling."

THE following account of a literary adventurer and scoundrel is taken from Sergeant Talfourd's Final Memorial of Charles Lamb, recently published in England, where it is attracting a good deal of attention.

"Among the contributors who partook of their professional festivities, was a gentleman whose subsequent career has invested the recollection of his appearances in the familiarity of social life with fearful interest—*Mr. Thomas Griffith's Wainwright.* He was then a young man; on the bright side of thirty; with a sort of undress military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuous coxcomb. It was whispered that he had been an officer in the Dragoons; had spent more than one fortune; and he now condescended to take a part in periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur who felt himself above it. He was an artist also; sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a port folio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate; and seized on the critical department of the Fine Arts, both in and out of the Magazine, undisturbed by the presence or pretensions of the finest critic on Art who ever wrote—William Hazlett. On this subject, he composed, for the Magazine, under the signature of "Janus Weathercock," articles of flashy assumption—in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and luxurious appliances of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle, not only by his braided surtouts, jewelled fingers, and various neck-hankerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for everything in the world but elegant enjoyment. Lamb, who delighted to find sympathy in dissimilitude, fancied that he really liked him: took, as he ever did, the genial side of character, and, instead of disliking the rake in the critic, thought it pleasant to detect so much taste and good nature in a fashionable *roué*; and regarded all his vapid gaiety, which to severer observers looked like impertinence, as the playful effusion of a remarkably guileless nature. Thus, when expatiating in his list of choicest friends, in Elia's letter to Southey, he reckons "W—— the light, and warm-as-light hearted, "Janus," of the "London;" and two years afterwards, adverting to the decline of the Magazine, in a letter to Mr. Barton, he persists in his belief of Wainwright's light-heartedness as per tinaciously as all the half conscious dupes in Othello do in the assertion of Iago's honesty: "They have pulled down Hazlitt, P——, and their best stay, kind, light-hearted W——, their "Janus." In elucidation of this apparent lightness of heart, it will not be uninstructive to trace the remainder of this extraordinary person's history; for surely no contrast presented by the wildest romance between a gay cavalier, fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero, detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainwright *seemed*, and what *he was*.

"Mr. Wainwright having ceased to contribute to the 'London' about the year 1825, when Lamb bestowed on him his parting eulogium, was scarcely seen in our literary circle, though he retained the acquaintance and regard of some of its members. In the year 1830 he was residing at Linden House, Turnham Green, in the possession of which he had succeeded his uncle, Dr. Griffiths, who for many years edited a monthly publication, and whose death had occurred about a year before, after a short illness while Mr. Wainwright and his wife were visiting at his house on the occasion of her confinement with her only child. He acquired some property at the death of his uncle, by whose bounty, being early left an orphan, he had been educated; but his expensive tastes soon brought him to severe pecuniary embarrassments and the verge of ruin. His wife's mother, who had died in Linden House after a short illness, left two daughters by Mr. Abercrombie, her second husband, named Helen Frances Phœbe, and Madeline; Mrs. Wainwright being the daughter of a former husband, named Ward. These young ladies being left without provision, except a pension of £10 a year each, which had been granted to them, as the destitute daughters of a meritorious officer, by the Board of Ordnance, were invited by Mr. Wainwright to visit him at Linden House, and at the beginning of 1830, with his wife and child, formed his family.

"About this time he formed the remarkable scheme of procuring the eldest of the young ladies to effect insurances on her life, to the amount of many thousands of pounds, for the period of two or three, years. Miss Helen Frances Phœbe Abercrombe was then a lovely woman nearly of the age of twenty-one, which she attained 12th March, 1830; without expectations, except of some trifling possibility under a settlement, and, except the proceeds of the pension, without a shilling in the world; while Mr. Wainwright, who supplied the funds for this strange speculation, was in reality still poorer, being steeped in debt, impatient of privation, with ruin daily contracting its circle around him.

"The first proposal was made by Mr. Wainwright, on behalf of Miss Abercrombie, to the Palladium Insurance Office, on 28th March, for £3,000 for three years. On this occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright and Miss Abercrombie called together at the office, where the object of the insurance was stated to be to enable them to recover some property to which the young lady was entitled. This proposal was accepted, and on the 20th April completed by payment of the premium for one year by the hand of Miss Abercrombie, then attended only by Mrs. Wainwright, and the delivery of the policy. On or about the same day, a similar insurance was effected with the Eagle Insurance Office for £3,000, for the term of two years, and the premium for one year and stamp duty were paid by Miss Abercrombie, in her sister's presence. In the following October four more policies were effected; with the Provident for £2,000; with the Hope for £2,000; with the Imperial for £3,000; and with the Pelican for £5,000—each on the life of Miss Abercrombie, and each for the period of two years; so that, at the close of this month of October, the life of this poor girl, described by the actuary of the Provident as "a remarkably, healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand," was insured to the amount of £18,000 as to £3,000 for three years, and for the residue for two years only. Premiums for one year, amounting, with the stamps, to something more than £220, had been paid, the premiums which would be required to keep the policies on foot for a second year amounting to £200, and in the event of her surviving the brief terms of insurance, the whole money would be lost. On every visit to the offices, Miss Abercrombie was accompanied by Mrs. Wainwright; and the appearance of these two ladies together on such an errand sometimes awakened scruples which the apparent desirableness of the life for insurance to an office did not always silence. At the Imperial it was suggested to Miss Abercrombie, by Mr. Ingall, the actuary, that 'as she only proposed to make the insurance for two years, he presumed it was to secure some property she would come into at the expiration of that time:' to which Mrs. Wainwright replied 'Not exactly so, it is to secure a sum of money to her sister, which she will be enabled to do by other means if she outlives that time; but I don't know much of her affairs; you had better speak to her about it.' On which Miss Abercrombie said, 'That is the case.' By what means the ladies were induced to make these statements can scarcely ever be guessed; it is certain they were illusory. No reason existed for the poor penniless girl securing £3,000 for her sister in case of her own death within two years, nor was there the least chance of her receiving such a sum if living at the end of that period.

"The sum of £18,000 did not bound the limits of the speculation; for, in the same month of October, a proposal to the Eagle to increase the insurance by the addition of £2,000, was made and declined; and a proposal to the Globe for £5,000, and a proposal to the Alliance for some further sum, met a similar fate. At the office of the Globe, Miss Abercrombie, who, as usual, was accompanied by Mrs. Wainwright, being asked the object of the insurance, replied that "she scarcely knew; but she was desired to come there by her friends, who wished the insurance done." On being further pressed, she referred to Mrs. Wainwright, who said, "It is for some money matters that are to be arranged; but ladies don't know much about such things;" and Miss Abercrombie answered a question, whether she was insured in any other office, in the negative. At the Alliance, Helen was more severely tested by the considerate kindness of Mr. Hamilton, who received the proposal, and who was not satisfied by her statement that a suit was depending in Chancery, which would probably terminate in her favour, but that if she should die in the interim, the property would go into another family, for which contingency she wished to provide. The young lady, a little irritated at the question, said, "I supposed that what you had to inquire into was the state of my health, not the object of the insurance;" on which he informed her, "that a young lady, such as she was, had come to the office two years before to effect an insurance for a short time; and that it was the opinion of the Company she had come to her death by unfair means." Poor Helen replied, "she was sure there was no one about her who could have any such object." Mr. Hamilton said, "Of course not;" but added, "that he was not satisfied as to the object of the insurance; and unless she stated in writing what it was, and the Directors approved it, the proposal could not be entertained." The ladies retired; and the office heard no more of the proposal, nor of Miss Abercrombie, until they heard that she was dead, and that the payment of other policies on her life was resisted.

"Mr. Wainwright's affairs soon approached a crisis, for he had given a warrant of attorney in August, and a bill of sale of his furniture at Linden House, both of which were become absolute, and seizure under which he had postponed only till the 20th or 21st of December. Early in that month he left Linden House, and took furnished lodgings in Conduit street, to which he was accompanied by his wife and her two half-sisters. On the 13th of that month Miss Abercrombie called on a solicitor named Lys, to whom she was a stranger, and requested him to attest the execution of a will she desired to make, as she was going abroad; he complied, and she executed a will in favour of her sister Madeline, making Mr. Wainwright its executor. On the 14th, having obtained a form of assignment from the office of the Palladium, she called on another solicitor named Kirk, to whom she was also a stranger, to perfect for her an assignment of the policy of that office to Mr. Wainwright; this the solicitor did by writing in ink over words pencilled in the hand-writing of Mr. Wainwright, and witnessing her signature. On that evening, Miss Abercrombie accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright and her sister to the play, as she had done the preceding evening, and partook of oysters, or lobsters, and porter, after their return. The weather was wet; she had walked home, as she had done the evening before; and in the night suffered from illness, which was attributed to cold. She continued ill, however, and, in a day or two, Dr. Locock was called in by Mr. Wainwright, found her labouring under derangement of stomach, and prescribed for her simple remedies. She continued indisposed, but he entertained no serious apprehensions until he was sent for on the 21st, when she died. On that morning a powder, which Dr. Locock did not recollect ever prescribing, was administered to her in jelly, and Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright quitted her, to take a long walk for some hours. Soon after their departure she was seized with violent convulsions; the physician was sent for, and was shocked by her condition, and by her exclaiming, "Oh, Doctor, these are the pains of death!" He administered proper remedies for pressure on the brain, under which she was then labouring; the symptoms subsided, and he left her in a state of composure. The convulsions, however, soon returned with increased violence; the attendant, in alarm, called in the assistant of a neighbouring apothecary, in the emergency; the young man did for her the best that human skill could devise; but all assistance was in vain, and before Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright returned from their walk, she was dead. An examination of the body took place, with Mr. Wainwright's ready concurrence, which, in Doctor Locock's apprehension, left no reason to attribute the death to other than natural causes; its immediate cause was obviously pressure on the brain; and the sums, amounting to £18,000, insured on her life, became payable to Mr. Wainwright, as her executor, though, except as to two of the policies—those of the Palladium and the Hope, which had been assigned to him by poor Helen—apparently, at least, for the benefit of the sister.

"Suspicion, however, was excited; the officers resisted the claim; Mr. Wainwright left England for France, where he spent several years; and after delays, occasioned chiefly by proceedings in Equity, the question of the validity of policies was tried, before Lord Abinger, on the 20th of June, 1835, in an action by Mr. Wainwright, as Executor of Miss Abercrombie, on the Imperial's policy. Extraordinary as were the circumstances under which the defence was made, it rested on a narrow basis—on the allegation that the insurance was not, as it professed to be, that of Miss Abercrombie, for her own benefit, but the insurance of Mr. Wainwright, effected at his cost, for some purpose of his own, and on the falsehood of representations she had been induced to make in reply to inquiries as to insurances in other offices. The cause of her death, if the insurance was really hers, was immaterial; and though surely not immaterial in the consideration of the question, whether the insurance was hers or Mr. Wainwright's, was thrown out of the case by Lord Abinger. That accomplished judge, who had been the most consummate advocate of his time, disposed always to pleasurable associations, shrank, in a Civil Court, from inquiries which, if they had been directly presented on a criminal charge, would have compelled his serious attention; stated that there was no evidence of other crime than fraud; and intimated that the defence had been injured by a darker suggestion. The jury partaking of the judge's disinclination to attribute the most dreadful guilt to a plaintiff on a Nisi Prius record, and, perhaps, scarcely perceiving how they could discover for the imputed fraud an intelligible motive and without it, were unable to agree, and were discharged without giving a verdict. The cause was tried again before the same judge, on the 3d December following:—when the counsel for the defence, following the obvious inclination of the Bench, avoided the most fearful charge, and obtained a verdict for the Office, without hesitation, sanctioned by Lord Abinger's proffered approval to the jury.

"In the meantime, Mr. Wainwright, leaving his wife and child in London, had acquired the confidence and enjoyed the hospitality of the family of an English officer, residing at Bologne. While he was thus associated, a proposal was made to the Pelican Office to insure the life of his host for £5,000;—which, as the medical inquiries were satisfactorily answered, was accepted. The Office, however, received only one premium; for the life survived the completion of the insurance only a few months; falling after a very short illness. Under what circumstances Mr. Wainwright left Bologne after this event is unknown; he became a wanderer in France; and being brought under the notice of the Correctional Police, as passing under a feigned name, was arrested. In his possession was found the vegetable poison called strychnine—which leaves little trace of its passage in the frame of its victim—and which, though unconnected with any specific charge, increased his liability to temporary restraint, and led to a six month's incarceration in Paris. After his release, he ventured to revisit London; where, in June, 1837, soon after his arrival, he was met in the street by Forester, the police officer, who had identified him in France, and was committed for trial on a charge of forgery.

"The offence for which Mr. Wainwright was thus apprehended was not very heinous of its kind; but his guilt was clear, and the punishment at that time, capital. It consisted in the forgery of the names of his own trustees to five successive powers of attorney to sell out stock settled on himself and wife upon their marriage, which his exigencies from time to time had tempted him thus to realize. The Bank of England, by whom he was prosecuted, consented to forego the capital charges on his pleading guilty to the minor offence of uttering in two of the cases, which he did at the Old Bailey sessions of July, 1837, and received sentence of transportation for life. In the meantime, proceedings were taken on behalf of Miss Abercrombie's sister, Madeline, who had married a respectable bookseller, named Wheatley, to render the insurances available for her benefit, which induced the prisoner to offer, communications to the Insurance Offices which might defeat a purpose entirely foreign to his own; and which he hoped might procure him, through their intercession, a mitigation of the most painful severities incident to his sentence. In this expectation he was miserably disappointed; for though, in pursuance of their promise, the director of one of the offices made a communication to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the result, instead of a mitigation, was an order to send him to his place of punishment in a vessel about to convey three hundred convicts. Thus terminated the European career of the 'kind and light-hearted Janus!'

"The time has not arrived for exhibiting all the traits of this remarkable person; probably before it shall arrive, the means of disclosing them will be lost, or the subject forgotten; but enough may be found disclosed in the public proceedings from which we have taken thus far our narrative, to supply an instructive contrast between his outer and inner life, and yet more instructive indications of the qualities which formed the links of connexion between them. The defect in his moral nature consisted chiefly in his morbid self-esteem, so excessive as to overwhelm all countervailing feelings, and to render all the interests of others, all duties, all sympathies, all regards, subservient to the lightest efforts, or wishes, or enjoyments of the wretched idol. His tastes appreciated only the most superficial beauty; his vanities were the poorest and most empty; yet he fancied himself akin to greatness; and in one of his communications from Newgate in his last hours of hope; he claimed for himself 'a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy.' When writing from the hold of the packet-ship to complain of his being placed in irons, he said—'They think me a desperado. Me! the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, and musicians, a desperado! You will smile at this,—no—I think you will *feel* for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins.' This shallow notion of being always 'a gentleman,'—one abstracted ever from conventional vulgarities—seems to have given him support in the extremity of wretchedness and infamy; the miserable reed he leaned on; not the ruling passion—but the ruling folly. 'They pay me respect here,' I assure you, said he to an acquaintance who visited him in Newgate; 'they think I am here for £10,000;' and on some of the convicts coming into the yard with brooms to perform their compulsory labour of sweeping it, he raised himself up, pulled down his soiled wristbands, and exclaimed, with a faint hilarity:—'You see these people; they are convicts like me:—but no one dares offer me the broom!' Circumstances were indeed changed, but the *man* was the same as when he elaborated artisuic articles for the 'London.' * To the last he seemed undisturbed by remorse; shocked only at the indignities of the penal condition of one imbued with tastes so refined, that all causes ought to give way to their indulgence. This vanity, nurtured by selfishness, and unchecked by religion, became a disease, perhaps amounting to *monamania*, and yielding one lesson to pay the world for his existence;—that there is no state of the soul so dangerous as that in which the vices of the sensualist are envenomed by the grovelling intellect of the scorner."

* It may not be uninteresting, nor wholly uninstructive, to place in contrast with this person's deplorable condition, a specimen of his composition when "topping the part," of a literary coxcomb. The following is a portion of an article under the head of "Sentimentalities on the Fine Arts; by Janus Weathercock, Esq. To be continued when he is in the humour;" Published in the London Magazine for March, 1820.

"I (Janus) had made a tolerable dinner the other day at George's, and with my mind full of my last article was holding up a *petit verre d'eau de vie de Dantzic* to the waxen candle; watching with scient eye the number, of aureate particles—some swimming, some sinking quiveringly, through the oily and luscious liquor, as if informed with life, and gleaming like golden fish in the Whang-ho, or Yellow River (which, by the way, is only yellow from its mud): so was I employed, when suddenly I heard the day of the month (the 15th,) ejaculated in the next box. This at once brought me back from my delicious reverie to a sense of duty. "Contributions must be forwarded by the 18th, *at the very latest*," were the Editor's last words to Janus, and he is incapable of forgetting them. I felt my vigorous personal indentify instantly annihilated, and resolved, by some mystic process, into a part of that unimaginable plurality in unity, wherewithal, Editors, Reviewers, and, at present, pretty commonly, Authors, clothe themselves, when, seated on he topmast tip of their top-gallant masts,—they pour forth their oracular dicta on the groaning ocean of London spread out huge at their feet. Forthwith, we (Janus) sneaked home alone—poked in the top of our hollow fire, which spouted out a myriad of flames, roaring pleasantly, as chasing one another, they rapidly escaped up the chimney—exchanged our smart, tight-waisted, stiff-collared coat, for an easy chintz gown, with pink ribbons—lighted our new, elegantly-gilt French lamp, having a ground glass globe, painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies, hauled forth *Portfolio No.* 9. and established ourselves cosily on a Grecian cough! Then we (Janus) stroked our favourite tortoise-shell cat into a full and sonorous *purr*; and after that our nurse, or rather maid-servant, a good-natured, Venetian-shaped girl (having first placed on the table a genuine flask of as rich Montepulsiano as ever voyaged from fair Italia) had gently, but firmly closed the door, carefully rendered air-tight by a gilt-leather binding (it is quite right to be particular,) we indulged ourselves in a complacent consideration of the rather elegant figure we made, as seen in a large glass placed opposite our chimney-mirror, without, however, moving any limb, except the left arm, which instinctively filled out a full cut-glass of the liquor before us, while the right rested inactively on the head of puss!

"It was a sight that turned all our gall into blood! Fancy, comfortable reader! Imprimis, a very good-sized room. Item: A gay Brussels carpet covered with garlands of flowers. Item: A fine *original* cast of the Venus de Medicis. Item: Some choice volumes, in still more choice old French *morocquin*, with water-tabby silk lining. Item: Some more vols. coated by the skill of Roger Payne, and "*our* Charles Lewis." Item: A piano, by Tomkinson. Item: A Damascus sabre. Item: One cat. Item: A large Newfoundland dog, friendly to the cat. Item, A few hot-house plants on a white marble slab. Item: A delicious, melting love painting, by Fuseli; and last, not least, in our dear love, *we*, myself (Janus!) Each, and the whole, seen by the Correggio-kind of light, breathed, as it were, through the painted glass of the lamp! ! !

"Soothed into that amiable sort of self-satisfaction so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously voluptuous ideas, perfumed with languor, which occasionally swim and undulate like gauzy clouds, over the brain of the most cold blooded men, we put forth our hand to the lolio, which leant against a chair by the sofa's side, and at hap-hazard extracted thence—

"Lancret's charming 'Repas Italien."